



the bleeding heart by sin and sorrow torn,
and prove it while you hear Him knocking at the door,
we'll meet them on the resurrection morn.
Capt. Sln. McDonald.

ONLY ONE CHRIST.

—There's Only One Girl in the World for Me.

There is a Saviour who has died,
a pardon to bestow;
'Tis Christ, the Saviour of man-kind,
kind, sinners, you may know,
who was rich, yet, for our sake,
came low to poverty,
we in poverty might have His riches full and free.

Chorus.

There's only one way you may be set free,
one Christ died upon Calvary,
come to Christ, your Saviour,
waste to set you free;
come, poor sinner, Jesus still loves thee.

prophet spoke of One who would
our griefs and sorrows bear,
"he was oppressed," and as a lamb,
His suffering did share;
His face was marred, the crown of thorns
was placed upon His brow,
in His suffering did cry, "Father
forgive them now."

we, like sheep, have gone astray,
have turned to our own way;
path of sin and selfishness,
brought misery and pain;
Christ has suffered in our stead,
and bought us by His blood,
we will live, and, by His grace,
endeavor to be good.
—as by Capt. J. E. Harris: chorus
by Lieut. G. Hyland.

THERE'S A FLOWER-COVERED GRAVE.

—The banks of the Wabash.
There's a flower-covered grave in yonder churchyard,
And its memory is so very dear to me,
It is the grave of my dear solated mother,
In childhood taught me, kneeling at her knee:
as gone, and in the grave they softly laid her,
her teachings linger pleasantly with me:
hope and pray some day in Heaven
"I meet her,
—together we shall spend eternity.

Chorus.

thinking day and night about my Saviour,
in Heaven above I know His face
"He'll get;
living 'neath His blessed smile and
avor,
— Jesus, He is so good to me!

those dear old happy days of early childhood!
They seem more like a pleasant room to me;
at home or working through the hazy wildwood
my mother life it seemed so sweet
I was;
wandered from the path where she
led me,
a sinner, oh, so vile, I came to be:
I thank God! I heard the dear old
army slinger
Saviour who died upon the tree.

while sitting in the dear old Army
waiting,
the Saviour spoke so lovingly to me;
He showed me that my life was
wisely fleeting,
among the dead I numbered soon
would be.
I cried aloud for mercy, and He
came,
the chains of sin and set my poor
soul free;
know if to the end I am but faith-
less mother and my Saviour I shall
be.
Staff-Capt. Ludgate.

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

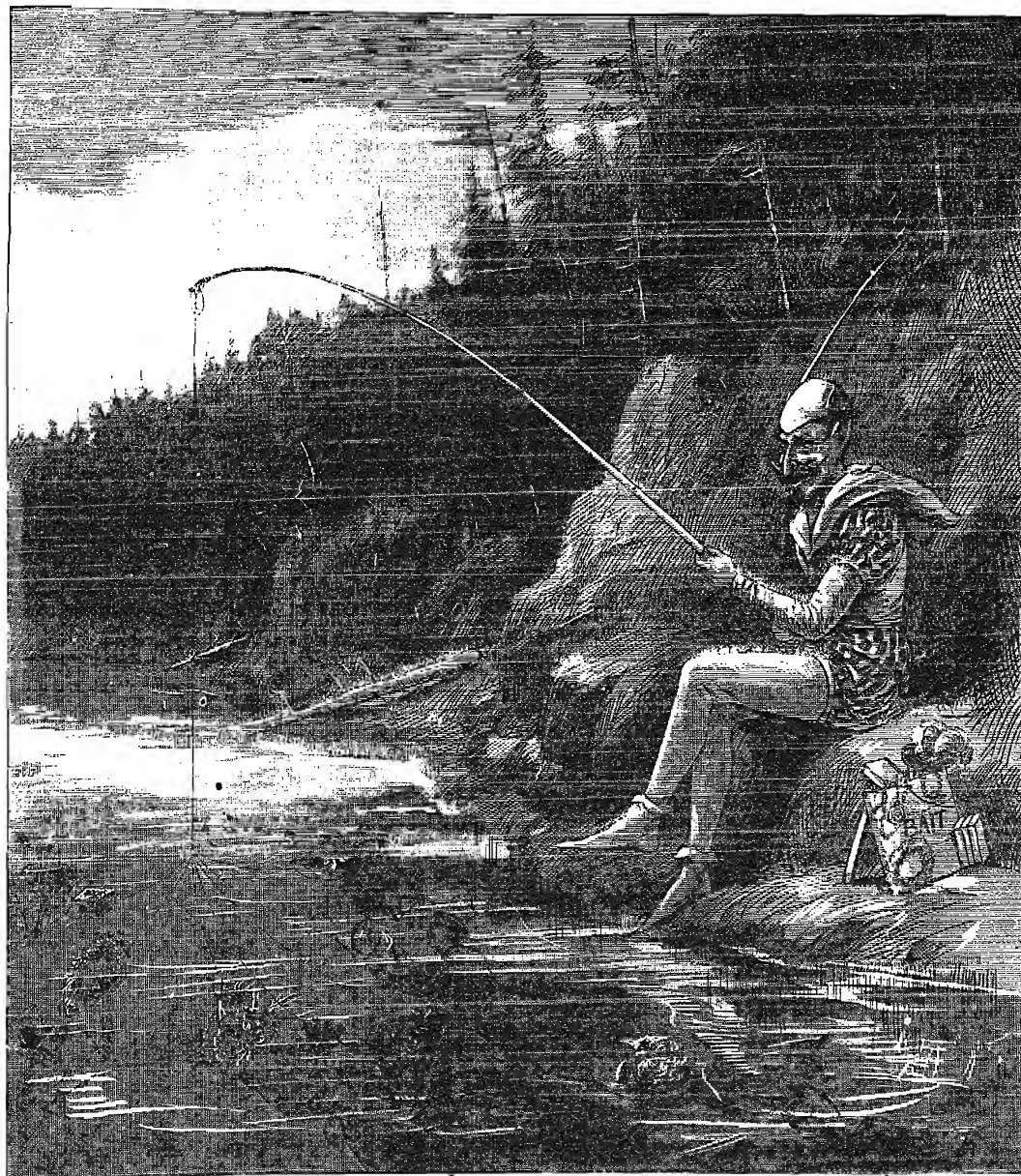
15th Year, No. 3.

WILLIAM BOUTH,
General.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 15, 1898.

EVANGELINE BOUTH,
Commissioner.

Price, 5 Cents.



THE DEVIL-FISHER.

The Devil-Fisher.

(To our frontispiece.)



The Devilfisher is cunning. His line branches out below the waterline and instead of hooks, living talons hold out the bait to the duped souls. Woe unto the man and woman who takes hold of the attractive bait, for from underneath the claw of hell will fly at his heart and claim its victim's most exacting service for time and eternity.

The Devilfisher baits his hooks according to the disposition and nature of his victim. Like the trout angler uses a beautiful image of a favorite fly that is considered a choice morsel by that fish, so the devil uses cleverly such baits that most strikingly resemble the things we love and value.

Clever doubts and inquiries for the bright intellect, social enjoyment for the active girl, the exhilaration of an occasional glass for the worried business man, fetching apparel for the ambitious woman, laurels for the fame-thirsty man, dollars for the selfish person, comforts and luxury for the lazy; these are some of the glittering baits with which the Devilfisher covers the deathly hooks of hell.

Woe to the indolent, who reach out with covetous hand and probably not feeling the link that fastens them to the Devilfisher, who pays out rope in the beginning to make sure of solid bite, go on to drink the cup of sin. But soon the line will be hauled in, and the victim is dragged into sin and enmeshed into a net of iniquities.

Is there no Deliverer? Yes, Jesus lives to break the fetters and set the repenting slave free.

Separation Avoided.

"Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

SALVATION officers witness some strange and biased scenes. This one, for instance: A grand drunkard, infuriated with drink, went to a certain barracks, in England, in search of his sister (who is a Salvationist); he was in a towering rage, all the more terrible because he was a burly fellow. He was under the mistaken impression that this sister had advised his wife to leave him and take the three children with her. That night when he returned home to tea, he had found, written in a book lying open on the table:

"I can stand it no longer; I must leave you. You have been cruel. I would rather die with my children than live with you. Farewell.—Your broken-hearted wife."

The sister asked the Captain to go to this man outside the barracks, for she was afraid of him. The Captain went and talked with him, and eventually he was got into the quarters. He wept bitterly, for he loved his children, and considered them gone from him for ever. He was persuaded to go into the meeting, where he was dealt with about his soul. "If I am saved will it bring my wife and children back?" he asked. "God can do that," was the reply. Then he went boldly out and got the victory.

The Captain took him to his cheerless home. All was darkness. A search was commenced by the husband, Captain, and two sisters. Presently the husband opened a shed door, called, and the wife answered. The children lay on the floor asleep; the Captain carried one, the husband another, and the wife was persuaded to come out too, carrying her recently-born infant. Prayer and good advice followed; the fire was lighted and a cup of tea made.

Since then the wife has knelt at the penitent form. The husband remarked to the Captain the other night, "We are getting on grand. We pray together at the bedside."

Emotion is often true genius in Christian work. I have never known that sawdust has done much towards helping the real progress of mankind. —Dr. Joseph Parker.

HONEY-SUCKLES.

By ENSIGN W. J. PAYNE.

God not only wants us to declare our love to Him. He also wants a tangible proof of it.

A love declaration, which refuses to suffer for the object it says it adores, is in the last stage of consumption and will soon die out.

The great ocean is made up of small particles of water which flow together; so, great and good men's lives are made out of little deeds, which increase by use.

The man who fails to consecrate his all to God, need never expect to get much, and will have little to give to God's cause.

No use to try to do right with a wrong heart, for it will only mean premature death to the good intentions. But a right heart means a practical man, as it is the life of all he does.

Brains that only think for the benefit of self, are no better than hands, that fail to do good to others.

We need to watch, lest while we are quick to discern the faults of others, we are slow to see our own.

You must give up your own ways, if you want God to take and use you; to do good we must first of all be good.

If God went to the trouble to make a place for every star and planet, and

door is shut there is neither inlet or outlet for the light.

Hope keeps out despondency and gives me breathing capacity to fight and overcome.

Love makes one pliable and sweet-tempered, rendering service a pleasure, for it never fails.

Salvation, even if it did not give much beauty this side of heaven, it does in heaven.

Human nature is no ornament without God, and if you try to make it ornamental, the paint washes off and its beauty fades and dies away. He in for that beauty that never dies, even if it brings you reproach and dishonor here.

At the day of your death will six feet of earth contain all your honor and happiness, leaving you forever in misery?

Better a living man in rags than a corpse arrayed in silk and satin; for the living man can do something, but the dead nothing at all, but regret.

Dead professors are very much like stagnant pools, they neither give out to benefit others, nor take in enough to keep themselves pure.

Some of you Salvationists, when you see a sister's fault do not go to your God on her behalf. You would rather do a bit of pious chit-chat about it.—Mrs. Booth.

OUR TRI-COLOR.

From sin's foul fate each soul to save,
May ever our banner wave,
The Red, the Blue, with Yellow star.
Proclaim salvation dear and far.

Red is the Blood of Calvary,
That flowed for all a crimson sea;
Its wave has washed our soul from sin,
And placed a heart of flesh within.

So wave them high above the crowd—
The Yellow, Red, and Blue—and loud
Cry out above Hell's drowsing throng,
We KNOW a Saviour from all sin.

—Quintus.

Blue stands for temperance, and it is
The outcome of salvation's bliss,
And as the sky shines blue above,
May faithful likewise prove our love.

The Yellow Star, the Holy Ghost,
It stands for Him that makes a host
Out of the timid girl or boy,
And gives us peace without alloy.

PRESENTLIES.

Never say you will do presently what your reason or your conscience tells you should be done now.

No man ever shaped his own destiny or the destinies of others wisely and well who dealt in presentlies.

Look at nature, she never postpones. When the time arrives for the buds to open, they open—for the leaves to fall, they fall.

Look upward. The shining worlds never put off their endings or their settings. The comets even, erratic as they are, keep their appointments; and the eclipses are always punctual to the minute.

There are no delays in any of the movements of the universe, which have been predetermined by the absolute fiat of the Creator. Procrastination among the stars might involve the destruction of innumerable systems; procrastination in the operations of nature on this earth might result in famine, pestilence, and the blotting out of the human race.

Man, however, being a free agent, can postpone the performance of his duty; and he does so too frequently. The drafts drawn by indolence upon the future are pretty sure to be dishonored.

Make NOW your banker. Do not say you will economize presently, for presently you may be bankrupt; nor that you will repent and make atonement presently, for presently you may be judged. Bear in mind the important fact, taught alike by history of nations, rulers, and private individuals, that in three cases out of five, presently is too late.

DO NOT FORGET that modesty is the grace of the soul. That politeness is as natural to delicate natures as perfume is to flowers.



Iniquity builds its own goal.

Honesty worships in the temple of truth.

Holy living is the most eloquent preaching.

A dusty Bible generally means a sated life.

God is invisible, but He is not unapproachable.

When we think ourselves wise, others think otherwise.

The best way to edify a sinner is to convert a sinner.

The Christian war is not against sinners, but against sin.

He who nurses a grudge carries a club for his own head.

Prayer is the touch of an infant on the arm of the Almighty.

Trifles are the hinges upon which the door of opportunity swings.

The sins we get in our lives we are apt to get in those of others.

Never to make a mistake is the biggest mistake any man can make.

The cheaper your religion is, the greater extravagance you indulge in.

A palace without God is but a poor house, yet a poorhouse with God is a palace.

Think less of the cross you bear for Christ, and more of the cross He bore for you.

What is important is to have a soul which loves truth and receives it wherever he finds it.

From near at hand one must not hope, but from far. Let us trust in God; each one in himself and in the other, and so it will be well.

The tissues of the life to be
We weave with colors all our own,
And to the field of destiny
We reap as we have sown.

—Whitier.

WITHOUT GOD.

In the recesses of some deep, dark pit, there may be inflammable gas, whose accumulation has been gradual, and whose existence may be unsuspected or unknown; but it immediately explodes when a lighted lamp comes into contact with it—thereby, if not otherwise, its existence is made known. And there is lying in every unconverted heart, unknown to its possessor, a vast amount of enmity to God, which is never manifested until God, who is a consuming fire, draws near to that heart and enters it; then that enmity bursts forth into a flame.

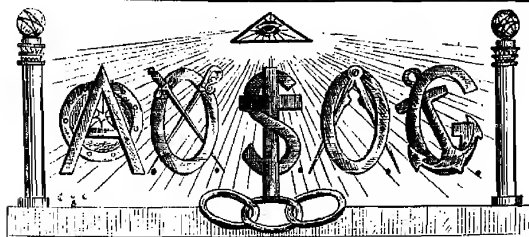
Reader, do not flatter yourself that you love God, because you have never been conscious of hating Him. If He brings near His holiness, and by His law

Searches Your Heart

you will find that there is not only the mere absence of love to Him as a Holy Being, but positive enmity, because He is holy. But better far that your enmity should explode here than hereafter; better to know your carnal heart's desperate condition, while there is hope for you that God will take away from you that heart of stone, and give you a new heart which will love Him, and prompt you to serve Him in newness of life. Let God will create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me."

LOANS! LOANS! LOANS!

ANY PERSON HAVING MONEY TO INVEST would do well to write to *Referral Headquarters* for information. We can offer most reliable security with interest for large or small sums. Full particulars can be had from *MAJOR STREET, CORNER* James and Albert Streets, Toronto.



AN ANCIENT ORDER OF WHICH ALL SALVATIONISTS SHOULD BE MEMBERS.

ITS DEGREES, SIGNS AND PASSWORDS.

Much has been written from time to time for and against the many Secret Orders that are now in existence, and varied has been the attitude taken by seditors and officers of the Salvation Army towards them, so that it may not come amiss to say something here about one Order that, without doubt, will be defended by all true Salvationists. It is truly a Secret Order, because only those who are actual members know the real value of the benefits accruing to them, and only they understand the mysteries of the Order, which are beyond the comprehension of those outside of it, even though they were very learned men. Its signs, passwords, ceremonies, constitution and laws, if thoroughly understood and practiced, lead to the greatest usefulness and happiness possible to any human being. The full name of this Order, the initials of which appear at the heading of this article, is: The Ancient Order of the Sons of God. There are three degrees obtainable in this life, which are the first, or the Servant Degree; the second, or Sonship Degree; and the third, or the Degree of the Flery Baptism.

Jesus finally gave His life as the one sacrifice for the sins of humanity, thus doing away with the slaying of beasts for man's transgressions. His true followers received a full pardon for past sins, and He called them brethren, making them joint-heirs with Him, for as many as believed in Him then gave Him power to become the Sons of God. The sign of this degree is THE BLOOD MARK on the heart's entrance, and the password is JUSTUS. THE INITIATION into the second degree is called Repentance, and the acceptance of it is the Second Birth. This new birth opens up a new world and a new understanding. It is also called the Awakening of the Soul, which means that the Soul becomes personally acquainted with His Saviour and retains Him as his constant companion. The second degree replaces the Love of Self by the Love of God. This implies the incoming of a passion that

OF GOD, and so take possession of their inheritance as joint heirs with Jesus. They accept their responsibility and share in their Father's business, and its interest is above everything else, therefore supreme.

The world at large, and often even brothers of the lower degrees, do not understand them, but the initiated will discover in words and actions the fellow of the third degree without much trouble. Their souls recognize each other in mutual contact, which is often too sacred to be expressed in words, and your conscience that it beyond their doings shows them a Fellow of the Sons of God.

Wanted.

More applicants for the third degree. Quite true, it will mean the forsaking of personal interests; it will strike the death blow to worldly ambitions; it will entail the loss of some friends and the slander of evil-minded people, as well as the ridicule of so-called clever people; it will surely mean severe tests of your resolutions and vows, and the giving up, possibly, of your dearest, but—BUT in exchange it will bring that inestimable peace with your conscience that is beyond understanding and only known to the Sons of God.

It will bring with it glorious opportunities and power to smite men from the clutches of that superhuman power of evil only to be overcome by the power of God, and the latter is at the disposal of the Sons of God. What is more worthy of sacrifice than to be able—when surrounded by difficulties, beset by perplexities, confronted by devils, encouraged by the echo of martyr's declarations, and spurred on by Angels' shouts of applause—to press through it all and with the consciousness of fellowship with that Power that created worlds and directs the paths of all stars to rescue from the teeth of hell immortal souls. Need you count the cost any longer? "No," I hear

A SINNER'S DEATH.

Pro. 1, 28.—"Then shall they call upon Me, but I will not answer; they shall seek Me early, but they shall not find Me."

When I was stationed at S—, one night I was called upon to go and visit a young man who was sick. I went at once and saw the young man, who was about twenty-six years of age, in a very sad state of mind. He was nearing eternity unsaved. He seemed pleased to see me and ordered all the rest out of the room. Then he said to me, "I don't think I am going to get better. I want to repent," but his mind was so weak that during that time he kept his thoughts on one thing hour after hour. I read God's Word and prayed with him. He tried to pray, but found no peace to his troubled soul. Everything seemed as hard as brass, and his awful glaring look of despair was very sad to witness. He was in misery. It seemed as if the pangs of hell had already got hold of him. He said, "I am under the power of the devil."

I have thought many times since that if he had any more time than what it was to be in that room with that young man, it is something dreadful. I was alone with him one night for about seven hours, and during that time I don't think there was a minute but what he was cursing and swearing awfully. By all accounts he went to meet God in that miserable condition.

"That is unjust, let him be unjust still," etc. Rev. xxii, 11. Dear reader, is your soul saved, if not, be wise and seek the Lord while He may be found, or you may be as that young man, or like the rich man in hell, pray when it is too late.

DON'T BE DELUDED by the devil. He will tell you that there is time enough, but God says, "Behold now is the day of salvation."

THERE IS NO PROMISE OF TOMORROW. Remember what God has said: "They shall call upon Me, but I will not answer."—Eugene W. Orchard.

WHERE ART THOU, LORD?

The parish priest
Of austerity,
Climbed up in a high church steeple
To be nearer God.
So that He might hand
His word down to His people.
And in sermon script
He daily wrote
What he thought was sent from
Heaven;
And he dropped it down
On the people's heads,
Two times one day in seven.
In his age God said:
"Come down and die."
And he cried out from the steeple:
"Where art Thou, Lord?"
And the Lord replied:
"Down here among My people."

SIN.

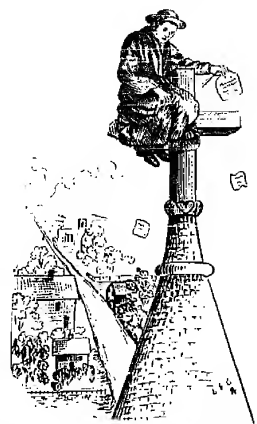
SIN is an instrument of death. It may be hidden, but it works. It shouts out God, and closes the way of communion between earth and heaven. It saps the very foundation of our health, and we cannot see for Divine strength if we continue in sin. The body will rebel if made an instrument of sin; it will not hold sin and health at the same time; we cannot have two masters. Sin has no place in our bodies or souls, only as an intruder, and interloper, and the blood of Jesus cleanses us from all sin, and the Holy Spirit keeps us clean by His indwelling presence and power. Sin must have no dominion over us. How it ruins bodies! It enters to waste, and then to destroy, leaving its dirty finger-marks on everything it touches; it creates disease, accumulates pain, and loses life. It not only demoralizes the body, but it carries away with it mind, virtue and character, and utterly ruins faith, confidence and assurance.

Hidden Sin.

We seem to think it is not so bad if not known; secret faults—sin, set like a canker, and unships the rudder, and leaves us to the mercy of the waves and the waves. If we regard sin, God will not hear us; and we cannot sin and pray, for it ceases to be prayer if sin controls. Truly is necessary if the Holy Ghost abides. Only in such an atmosphere can He live; and He will create such an atmosphere, if we will seek, and entirely put away our sin. There must be no devil, no reservation, for He knows the matter—no sin. Chastity, is the only condition in which the altar can possibly abide. It is the essence of the soul—white, clean, pure, and sweet; let sin out of the enamel, and the ache and pain this life with misery and no peace. Woe not soul and body in sin; in sin, and there is a milder soul, solid and sudden, wasted and lost. The Holy Ghost keeps from sin, and this with health, strength, blessing, and beauty, the bodies as well as the souls of men.

FOR ME.

Love for a world of sinners given,
Love for the sad from a heart once
riven,
Love opening up the way to Heaven,
Love coming down to me.
Grace lifting out of deepest mire,
Grace leading every day up hill,
Grace building round me walls of fire,
Grace, conquering grace for me.



urges man on to seek the salvation of others, and brings with it a wonderful power to conquer temptations. Without multiplying the instances of beneficence to second degree members, it will be seen that their privileges are great, and their benefits many. Many are contented to stay there, especially since the initiation into the third degree is considered as expensive, painful and difficult. And yet there awaits the progressive soul the greatest honor and usefulness that God gives to mankind.

The Third Degree, or the Degree of the Flery Baptism.

The degree was not open to anyone until after the mission of Jesus had been accomplished. When He had defied the powers of Death He promised that institution of this highest degree before He ascended to Heaven. The Candidates for this honor spent fifty days in preparation by prayer and fasting. It was necessary that the human mind be adjusted to the mind of God, the human soul be tuned to the will of God, before the disciples could be accepted. After fifty days of prayerful waiting, the first Flery Baptism took place. The effect was at once felt in the enormous increase of members to the Order.

The SIGN of this highest degree is the CROSS, and the password is SELF-DENIAL. Members of it have emerged from the babyhood of the Second Birth into the maturity of the SONS

you say—then renounce and be baptised with the Holy Ghost and with Fire.

The Finale.

Listen! When the soul of the third degree member crosses the River of Death angels will be waiting to clothe him with the full regalia of the Order: The White Robe; the Palm and the Crown of Life, and so arrayed he will stand before the dazzling White Throne and hear from the lips that speak life into existence, the words: "WELL DONE!" They shall vibrate through his being with hills of ecstasy, and in unutterable adoration he will shift before Him on the Throne and join into the songs of the Sons of God: "INTO HIM THAT LOVED US, AND WASHED US FROM OUR SINS IN HIS OWN BLOOD, AND HATH GIVEN US KINGS AND PRIESTS INTO GOD AND HIS FATHER, TO HIM BE GLORY AND DOMINION FOR EVER AND EVER." B. F.

He Didn't Know Their Ways.

(From a New York paper.)

Deacon Farrington (who had just purchased a New York City Salvation lassie and watches her entering a saloon): "Well, who'd a thought it! There, I s'pose that lassie live cents for her paper, but she ought to go to spend it for liquor."

The First, or Servant Degree.

is open to all mankind. It is the big end of the funnel, or the initiative degree. The conditions of entrance are: that sin in any form be renounced; that righteousness be sought, and that God be acknowledged as Supreme Ruler, and served accordingly.

During the first four thousand years of the world's history the first degree was the only one, and the Order was generally known as the Servants of God. Its Grand Masters were called Patriarchs and Prophets, and the purpose of the Order was to restore, preserve and improve the worship of the true God, which meant the destruction of idolatry among the chosen people of God and the exaltation of Righteousness.

In the first degree God is known as the Father, the originator and creator of all things. In Him is the source of all wisdom, and He is the Lord or Governor of all the universe. As such He received the worship of all the members of the order, who sacrificed to Him by the killing of innocent animals to atone for their transgressions of His laws. Although God was considered the Father, who coexisted in His wisdom, and out of whose love was born, the Son, who was the true Father of man because of their estrangement from Him through transgression of sin, so that the best of them only considered themselves servants. It was the yearning of God to make mankind His true children, which led up to the institution of

The Second, or Sonship Degree.

The true spirit, and with it the true purpose of the Order gradually degenerated, and finally was nearly lost, and only a few had the knowledge of true interpretation. The multitude of its priests were impostors who frequently presented the property appointed Grand Masters, so that there came a time when the Order was in danger of decay.

To prevent such a catastrophic decay, God gave His Son to take upon Himself the form of Man, and as such redeem the purity of the Order. He accomplished this by living in the physical body of man the true life of the Son of God for thirty-three years. His sinless life sustained His teaching, which was a true interpretation of the mysteries of the Order to mankind, and the Jews, who were the chosen people of God, were amazed.

Jesus, the Son of God, thought especially twelve disciples, whom He left in the world as the heaven that was to leave the whole lump of humanity; these twelve men extended the Order throughout the world.

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MAJOR BURTON, Corner

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The Sin of Ananias AND Sapphira

BY THE GENERAL.

THERE is a woman and a man here; they are married. When they took each other's hands at the altar, and knelt at the bedside, they said, "Lord, we are Thine, and all that comes of our marriage shall be Thine. If Thou dost give us children, they shall be Thine—Thine without reserve, to work and fight for Thee." God gives them a beautiful babe; they take it to the altar, if they are Army people, and have it dedicated, or if church people, they have it baptized. It may be, or go through some other form of service, according to their church. They tell God they are going to take it and train it for Him. The child is a treasure; it is like a little angel from the heavenly shore, until there come a lot of canting people, who talk about its pretty eyes, and this color suiting it, and the other color suiting it, so the poor mother is led away, and leads the father away and they dress it up and rig it out, and train it in the best way they possibly could if they wanted it to be a worldling, and help people down to hell. Yes, they put it on the altar saying it shall be a child of God, and then they take it off, take it back again—take back the price.

Then that young man here, the Spirit of the Lord comes to him in youth, with the romance of life fresh upon him. "Will you go to the uttermost parts of the earth? Will you help the poor lost souls of your own land? Will you work in the slums, help rescue the outcasts, the prisoners and harlots?"

"The youth kneels down and says, 'Lord, body, soul and spirit will be Yours. I will be a missionary. I will be an officer. All I have I lay upon Thy altar.'"

Then the temptations come; there is a chance to do a good stroke of business, a chance to get a comfortable settlement, or a wife, or a cottage; or someone reasons with him. Perhaps a mother, or father reasons: "You know you can serve God, but you need not go and be a martyr, you need not go and die as a missionary, you need not be a Salvationist, an officer, you need not go and be ridiculed and laughed at as you pass in your uniform marching about the streets. In order to serve God, you can serve God and be respectable; you can serve God and dress in a proper, decent manner. You can serve God, you know, without going to these extremes."

He listens, to this backslider talk and give up, goes down, breaks his vows, and takes back part of the price.

There are, I might go on, men and women who have gone back, taken back part of the price—or taken back all, or half, in this case, generally means all. When people think they have only lost a little power, THEY NEED TO SEE THINGS AS CHRIST PUTS THEM IN THE BOOK OF REVELATION.

They say, "We are all right. We don't want to have these fanatical Salvationists come along, trying to show us we are wrong. Haven't we got a minister? Don't we go to church? Don't we subscribe to the funds? Don't we read our Bible? We're not thieves, nor drunkards, nor harlots, nor adulterers; we are very decent people."

That is just what Jesus Christ counts on as to the Londoners. They were a nice sort of decent people.

NEITHER COLD NOR HOT.

He had rather they had been drunkards and harlots. There would have been a better chance of getting them saved. They kept back part of the price.

I am going to make a very commonplace remark here. I want you to take it to heart. If I had the power I would write it upon your memory in letters of living flame: IT IS JUST AS WICKED TO LIE TO GOD AS TO LIE TO MEN. It is just as wicked to promise and not perform in dealing with God, as in dealing with your fellows. I mean to say this: There are many men and women who, if they had a promise in their business, would expect to stand by it, gain or lose, whether the market should rise or fall. They would be indignant at a contrary suggestion. No, they would say, my word is my bond. I am a man of my word,

and you can trust me in business, whether you have it in writing or not. I keep to my word. If I do not keep to my word I am a liar, and would be so branded in the market; and who would trust me or have anything to do with me?

There are many who, should they promise me twenty dollars to help the Social Scheme, and then find they could not very well pay, would come and say, "General, it is not convenient for me to pay just now, but you shall have twenty-five dollars from me in a month's time, from this date." You would reckon on keeping that pledge. If the



THREE HOURS WAITING AT THE GATES OF HELL.

month came around and you could not pay, you would write to the Commissioner, explaining that circumstances had prevented you keeping your promise, but that she could reckon on having the money as soon as you could possibly arrange it.

Yet, the same men and women have promised God at some time or other what they would do for Him, again and again, and AGAIN—only have gone back upon their promises, AND HAVE NO CONCERN ABOUT IT. Lying to the Almighty, and not at all ashamed of it. They tell God what they will do, and then go back on it. Ah! but there is going to be a great white throne, and amongst the books that will be opened there, then, out of which men will be judged, will be a book, which is the

RECORD OF BROKEN VOWS.

It will contain a list of vow-breakers—

what a number there will be! How the world is going to swarm with backsliders. I look upon that deluge that came sweeping over the world three or four thousand years ago as entirely brought on by backsliders. It was a world of backsliders, and now we are getting backsliders whichever way we turn. They are in our meetings, we elbow them upon the street. If you buy anything in a store, you get it over the counter from a backslider; your milk is brought round by a backslider, and a backslider makes your clothes probably.

Someone was busy enough to make the calculation in a town I know very well, and he said that he reckoned that one out of every five persons that walked the streets of that town had, at some time or other, been a member of a church, but were now backsliders, and WERE NOT ASHAMED OF IT. They walk about, wrong-doers, traitors, runaways, tramps on the Blood, crucifiers of Jesus Christ afresh, modern crucifiers—and having no shame at that—blind, with no concern, having the light that was in them, darkness. If the light that is within them, says Jesus Christ, becomes darkness, how great is that darkness.

Oh, if we could have a list of the men and women who, at some time or other, have knelt by their bedside, or knelt in the inquiry room, or knelt in the Salvation Army penitent form, or held the hand of a dying mother or wife, and promised with the last word that dying, dear one heard on earth,

but there stood Peter with the other disciples around about him, and the people were bringing in their offerings.

Here a man comes in: "I have sold the house for so much more than I expected. Here is the money. I wish I had a hundred to sell, I would bring them all to my Saviour. Take it, and take it with my prayers that God will make it a blessing."

Another enters: "Peter," he says, "I and my wife have sold all that magnificent furniture we had got together. We have cleared out the drawing room and have got some pitch pine in; it will answer just as well for the prayer meetings. Here is the money. Hallelujah! I wish I had some houses and lands to sell. I wish I had more to give to Jesus."

Still another. "Here is our jewelry, all the heirlooms; there is the engagement ring I gave my wife the year before I married her; there is the wedding ring; there are the rings out of her ears, the anklets and necklaces, and the bracelets for her wrists. There is the gold chain I used to swagger about before I was converted; there is the golden-tipped, gold-mounted, mosaic schum I used to smoke—there they are. I wish there were so many more. Take them and melt them down, and let the gold go to spread salvation."

Now old Ananias' turn has come. Poor Ananias! I am very sorry for him. He looks the picture of misery! I think he is trying to find some excuse. Is it not strange what excuses people make when they don't do their duty? Where is his wife? She was with him in the sin—she ought to be with him to help him through. Perhaps she has gone down town to buy some new clothes, or to buy a new drawing room suite. I don't know where she is, but Ananias is there alone. He slides up, hands out a bag of money, and Peter looks at him—Peter can see into him.

"Ah," thinks Peter, "you suppose we don't understand you when you try to trade on us and deceive us. We can see into you, we are not the fools you take us for—we understand you. Peter had the holy Spirit in him, and he could see into Ananias, but he asks, 'Is this all?' He wanted the answer straight from the man's own lips. Peter asks, and as the man replies, tells him that he has not lied unto man but unto God, and Ananias falls back, a corpse! He is carried out and buried. Three hours later his wife comes in. Peter puts the question to her, and receives the same answer. He tells her that the feet of those who buried her husband are at the door and shall hear her out also, and they carried her out and buried her beside her husband, and Ananias and Sapphira.

MET IN THE NETHER WORLD.

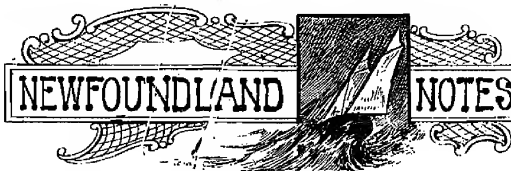
to spend unending years of woe in mutual recriminations and regrets.

Now, I want to know whether we do not find a great deal of this sort of thing now-a-days? Don't we see something like this when men profess to a consecration which they know they have never made; when men say they are saved when they are not, when you ask them? I shudder at going to ask people, sometimes, whether they are saved or not, for fear it should become a temptation to them to lie? Fifty years ago, when I first began to preach and to tell, I often asked people if they had found the mercy which I had to proclaim. I trembled sometimes at the false answers I got, and that we still get from such people.

In a certain city I had sitting on my platform a leading man in society there, an eminent man in civic matters, and also an eminent man in the House of Parliament. He sat listening to me. I knew he was a backslider. I knew he had two girls who ought to have been, and might have been, Captains in the Salvation Army, and would have been if it had not been for him. He sat listening to all I had to say. I expected him to fall on his knees and start crying to God to have mercy on his soul. He never moved.

Before I left the city he came to see me, and I talked to him as straight as I possibly could. I asked him what he was going to do, and whether he was going to finish up a backslider? He turned upon me and told me plainly to my face that he was all right, and was a saved man. I should not have been the least surprised if he had fallen a corpse at my feet.

People lie, and say they are right, simply to get rid of you, simply to prevent themselves being talked to. Is not that like the sin of Ananias and Sapphira? Do not men commit similar sin when they profess the continuance of a state of a religious life, which they know they have long since lost, when they profess to be a continuance of communion with God, when they know they are backsliders. What is that but the same sin? Do they not follow in the same track with the insupportable excuses they make?



Cabinet Echoes.

By BRIGADIER COMPLAIN.

The special meetings for soldiers and Christians being held in Toronto have been owned of God, and are proving beneficial to our people. The General Secretary and Adj. Manton recently conducted three Friday nights at Yorkville, all of them blessed seasons. Last Tuesday night they commenced a series of three special meetings at Riverside, where there was an excellent audience and a very precious measure of the Divine presence.

Mrs. Brigadier Margetts commenced a three Friday night series at the Temple on Friday the 23rd. Concerning this meeting, one who was present said, "Not for a long, long time have I been in such a solid, satisfying meeting as that was," and the person to whom this was said responded, "That is the kind of truth upon which the Salvation Army has been nurtured—deep, spiritual, sustaining truth."

Adj. and Mrs. Stanyon commenced a three Friday night series of special meetings at Lisgar Street on September 30th. Very much blessing is anticipated. The subjects will be—
First Friday—Elijah's trust.
Second Friday—Elijah's triumph.
Third Friday—Elijah's test.

Staff-Capt. Galt writes, "I am charged with the West. Like Winthrop immensely."

The General Secretary's Department has more calls for the services of Adj. Manton than it can respond to. In affirmative, the latest appeal from Buffalo, from where a most eloquent request has been made for his services. Of course the Adj. will go and give them his celebrated lecture "Sixty years of smiles and tears. Won't the Buffalo people have a ray of light?" The Adjutant can be depended on, too, to do it all without degenerating into the frivolous and senseless, and if the Buffalo comrades are keyed to the right pitch and co-operate prayerfully and believably, we shall be surprised if there is not a good number of souls saved at the finish.

The brother of Ensign Parker, of the Quebec Shelter, who is in B. C., has been very badly injured. He fell into a fissure in a rock while prospecting in the mining regions, broke his arm and knee, and had to be pulled by his comrades through the bush for three days before he got any assistance. From latest reports he is doing well.

Adj. Moore writes, after referring to his loss, "I am finding Jesus very, very precious. I am proving the grace I have so often recommended to others."

Adj. and Mrs. Wiggins are announced to special at St. Catharines on Oct. 8th. The newly-married couple are setting a good example by starting into earnest soul-saving work so soon after the great event.

The Chief Secretary's meetings at Bracebridge are highly spoken of.

The Special who goes to Ensign Fox's corps can depend upon being announced—that is, properly announced, which is quite a consideration these days.

Major Southall writes, "Am very busy—Chancellor resting, 16-page Cry on, also S.D., and so on, and so on, and so on, and so on as adj. lib," and yet like a man who has the real interests of the Juniors at heart, he has sent on some excellent material for the J. S. Manual. God bless him, and may the most important work in the Salvation Army prosper in his hands.

HAMILTON, Ber.—On Sunday, Sept. 11th, Comrades Duncombe and Smith faredwell for the Training Home (this making three that the Hamilton Corps has given to the Field. God's power was felt during the day, and the last words of our comrades will long be remembered. Adj. Matthews spoke in reference to the loss of our comrades and their call to the Field. We finished up the day with a real hallelujah wind-up. At the close of the meeting everybody stood while the dear old colors floated above the heads of our two comrades and we sang that grand old chorus, "I'll be true, Lord, to Thee." Yours, under the Flag, W. J. C. Howe, War Cor.

In a meeting not very long back, was a young man. Some officers gathered around him—he was a backslider. He had been an officer, I am sorry to say, in the Salvation Army, and yet there he was arguing that he could not believe, did not know how THIS would happen, and did not know what THAT would lead to, when suddenly a voice rang in his ear: "WHAT IS THAT HIDDEN AND FORBIDDEN SIN THAT KEEPS YOU BACK?" He turned pale; he had been lying to people, making specious excuses, but now he said, "I am wrong, and although I have not made up my mind to get right, now I will be honest and tell you I have enjoyed this wonderful and blessed salvation of God, but have willfully gone back from the knowledge of it."

One word in closing, about RESULTS. They are here plainly enough, and they are all around us to-day: In many cases the result of this kind of sin is the LOSS OF EARTHLY GOODS. People promise God they will give Him some money, and then they go back on it, and put it in the bank, and the bank breaks! Sometimes people have said to me, "Oh, General, I ought to have given you a thousand dollars: it was in my heart to do it, but I was induced to put it into that railway, or bank, and I have lost the whole of it." I wish I had had it—it would have been safely invested for time and eternity.

In many cases, too, this sin leads to the DEATH OF THE BODY. When was a boy, though they used to hold the coroners' inquests then, the doctors did not understand so much of the details, and could not always settle what was the cause of death, yet they had to bring in a finding of some sort, to state how death came, so they used to find it

"DIED FROM THE VISITATION OF GOD!"

Ananias and Sapphira died from the visitation of God. GOD HAS NOT CHANGED. Sin is just as great an evil to-day as it was then. If you go to the cemetery and could read as perhaps angels eyes can read, you would see written on the headstone of that grave, over that young man, "Held back from the service of God by his mother, and taken away in his prime." And on the slab over that talented girl, "Would not do the will of God: died from His visitation." Oh, how many there are so taken away. It surely leads to spiritual death if not repentance of. Why is it we have this spiritual weakness and coldness. I very seldom get hold of any minister, or member of a church, who has got any heat or fire in him, who does not say, "General, General—splendid church, splendid architecture, magnificent minister, eloquence in the pulpit, devotion, large attendances, plenty of money."

"Getting any SOULS?" "Oh, dear, no!" "Are you on fire, have you got the Pentecostal FLAME, are you white-hot for God and souls and the salvation of the world, are you bring it by Jesus' feet, and making men holy?" "Ah, no sir," they reply. "It is very, very hard."

And yet to a thousand out of a THOUSAND cases it is the RESULT OF BROKEN VOWS, vows broken in the pulpit, vows broken in the pew. There are some churches packed full of men and women who have promised God what they would do, and then refused to do it! And in a good many cases, alas! they have gone on to do what God has expressly forbidden.

Poor Ananias went down to hell. I do not care what YOU make of it, though you may say you won't have that sort of hell. There IS A HELL, and it is a bad place to go to. Ananias went to hell with a lie on his lips. He went into hell, and I think, sometimes, for the three hours that he sat at the gates, watching for them to open, wondering and expecting that his wife would come in. Three hours like an eternity.

Did you ever stop to think, should you die to-day and go to perdition, how you might dread and wonder, and tremble and think, whether those black gates should next open to admit your wife, your husband, your child, led there by your life, your backsliding, your example? When you are in HELL, will they come after, to join YOU?

Three hours! THREE HOURS!!! And the gates slowly swing inwardwards for hell's portals never open outward—they fly together, Ananias and Sapphira, to curse one another for ever and ever—FOR EVER AND EVER! How many people are damned for ever because they break their vows, and pledges, and promises! What is the remedy? There's no remedy for poor Ananias and Sapphira. I remember when a boy preacher I used to go to a little village to preach, and there was a holy woman lived in a neat little cottage, who used to give

ST. JOHNS HIL. Nfld.—We are glad to be able to report victory at No. 3. We had a real Blood-and-Fire meeting Sunday night. With us were Ensign Cave, and Capt. Barry and Norman. God wonderfully blessed and helped us. ONE young man volunteered to the penitent form, sought and found salvation, while quite a number of others were deeply convicted. We are believing for greater victories to follow. God, our helper. Praise Him forever. —Capt. G. Ludlow.

CLARENVILLE, Nfld.—Harvest Festival week was a week of blessing to our souls. Sunday we went three miles to hold an open-air, where some two hundred people met to hear us. War Cry all sold. Finances excellent. Monday night THREE souls found salvation and ONE on Tuesday night. Friday night was the crowning time, when SEVEN came out for the blessing of a clean heart, and with it all we shall get our target.—Capt. Moulton.

BONAVENTA, Nfld.—Victory is our battle cry. Since last report we can shout it. FOUR souls have professed to find salvation, three while visiting and one in the meeting. It would do you good, Mr. Editor, to see mother and daughter at the Cross in their own home. The daughter was the first to claim the blessing, and then on her knees she prayed for mother. We give Jesus all the glory.—Yours to win, E. Brace, Capt.

ST. JOHNS HIL.—Sunday, 18th, was an eventful day for St. John's. Commencing with early morning knee-drill and dedication of Ethel, daughter of Mr. and Sister Barter. Holiness service, good, one man blessed with full salvation. At the night meeting a life struggle took place, which con-

tinued about three hours. TWELVE souls yielded. With Tuesday night came H. P. meeting, opened by Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp, assisted by his staff. The reading of God's word and comment thereon by Brigadier, gave a good start to the meeting, and judging from the way the goods sold, I have good reason to say success attended our efforts. Hallelujah!—H. S. Cor.

CATALINA, Nfld.—Our D. O. Ensign Gosling, with us on Sunday, also Bros. Winsor and Penny, from Carboneau. Meetings largely attended. Knee-drill and holiness meeting were times of power and inspiration. Afternoon, barracks packed. Meeting opened with a swing. Harvest Festival was brought to the top. Every eye in the building was drawn towards the target, while the Ensign spoke of the numbers who are still in distress, and crying out for a hand to help them. We pledged ourselves to fight more desperately than ever during the coming week. Our prospects for reaching our target are brighter than ever before. At night God came very near, the words of truth were declared with power.—L. Shepherd, Capt., M. Richards, Lieut.

LAMALINE, Nfld.—The past week has forcibly brought to us the words, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." A gloom is cast over the place on account of the sudden death of a dear man who was loved by everyone around. Sunday night he sat in his old place in the barracks apparently strong. The following Tuesday he did his work until afternoon, when in the midst of his work he was taken with a moment's warning. He is, as far as we know, gone to the bar of God with only good intentions. Sinner, beware!—M. Noel, Capt.



Capt. Hiscock, Ensign Boggs, Lieut. Sainsbury, St. John's, Nfld.

PAY YOUR VOWS.

Pay them each one, and do it sharp and in full. You say, "I cannot; twenty years have passed away since I promised God. He should have me, to do as He liked with me, and now I am grown old and infirm. It is too late for a change now. It is impossible, with my present circumstances, station, family, friends!" What a pity! What a loss, too! But the remedy is: COME AND GIVE GOD WHAT YOU HAVE GOT. Only come and kneel at this mercy seat and tell Him, "Lord, I have broken my vows, and it is only of Thy gentleness and great mercies that I am alive to say it, but if Thou wilt only help me and save—I have heard that the wonderful mercy of Jesus Christ can reach even the vilest, even such a one as me—You shall have my heart and my all."

"How was it?" I enquired. "It was a word, and a blow—he was well and sick and dead, and lost, in five minutes."

Ah, there was no remedy there, either. Ananias and Sapphira, without remedy, and you may! Are you asking, backslider, "What is the remedy for me?" What can I say to reach you? You have broken your vows, and perhaps your mother's heart. What is the remedy?

with the other him, and the his offerings. "I have sold more than I money. I wish I would buy. Take it, and that God will

er," he says, all that maggot together, drawing room a pine in; it for the prayer money. Hallelujah houses and had more to

our jewelry, is the engage- vife the year rings out of necklace, and there is the united meech- more, Take a, and let the n,

is has come, my sorry for e of misery! and some ex- what excuses don't do their e? She was ought to be rough. Per- tains to buy buy a new don't know lass is there is out a bug- ka at him—

I suppose we to you try to us. We can he fools you and." Peter and, he put he asks, own lips, man gentle- died until nianias satis ried out and er his wife question to me answer, of those who at the door and they her beside s and Sapp-

WORLD.

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Tares or Wheat! Which?

By PROFESSOR MUDD, Australian Industrial Farm.

AH! that is the question! How very difficult to tell. So much alike. The same habit, color, height and appearance. Only different in fruit. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

The TARE of Scripture is not the TARE of the British farmers. Our tare is a member of the pea tribe of plants, and is in fact a wild form of the Levitic. Tares and Levitic belong to the Ervum family. The Tare of St. Matthew's Gospel is what farmers call Bearded Darnel, or Poisonous Rye Grass. It is the Lolium of botanists, and was a very common weed in the corn fields of Palestine. The seeds are poisonous. The Wheat of the Gospel is the Triticum Cestivum of botanists. When our great Teacher gave that wonderful illustration of the nutritious Triticum and poisonous Lolium, He knew what He was talking about. These two families of plants are closely allied. The Lolium is a degenerate Triticum. The Darnel is

Wheat Gone Wild.

These two families are closely allied—so are the subjects of the Heavenly and Earthly Kingdoms. The Darnel is Wheat gone wild—so is a wicked man. The Lolium is a degenerate Triticum—so worldlings are on the downward tendency.

Under certain conditions these two plants—Triticum Cestivum and Lolium Temulentum—are barely distinguishable from each other. If the summer is very wet and cold, the Wheat does not develop its full distinctive features. It becomes elongated and stained. The Darnel, however, thrives under these conditions so unfavourably that the Wheat becomes such a resemblance between them that it is only when the fruit is ripened that they can be separated from each other. In times of worldly prosperity, booms, and such like, the member of Christ's Kingdom very often gets drawn into transactions and close intercourse with the world's doings that their characteristic traits become somewhat defaced and render them almost inseparable from the world.

O hot summer, favorable to the development of fine ears of Wheat, is not so favorable to the Darnel.

Living in the Fire

of God's Spirit stamps these of the Kingdom of Heaven with a brand which cannot be mistaken. In times of this world's troubles and adversities, when men outside the glorious Kingdom are heavy with grief and crippled with sorrow, we can go on producing fruit to the honor and glory of God.

"THE ONLY DIFFERENCE IS IN THE FRUIT." They both generate alike, produce one seed leaf, then the blade—long grass-like leaves. In the same soil, under the same conditions they grow on and on, producing blade after blade, then the ears of—no, not Wheat—daily one produces Wheat, the other Darnel. The Wheat is gathered into barns, the Darnel into bundles and burnt.

Separated at Last.

If Jesus intended this parable to be at any time the world's history especially applicable it is at the present time.

Christians and worldlings are indistinguishable. There is such a running together of the hare and the hounds, a blending of Christ and the world that it is impossible to draw the line of demarcation. Our Master has, however, left us an unfailing test. "By their fruits ye shall know them." You may not be able to distinguish them in appearance. Their surroundings may be of the same and their habits correspond, but look for the fruit. Mark the result of their lives.

The fruit Jesus looks for is souls, souls, souls. Men and women made happy in this life and fit for eternity. O Lord, prevent us from becoming Tares.

We are always complaining that our days are few and acting as though there would be no end to them.—Addison.

The Doubt Devil.

HOW D'AUBIGNE'S DOUBTS DISPERSED.

Soon after his conversion, M. D'Aubigne, the well-known historian of the Reformation, was sorely assailed and perplexed by the sophisms of German Rationalism—so sophisms assailed, indeed, that he was plunged into an utterable distress, and spent whole nights without sleep, crying unto God from the bottom of his heart, and ransacking libraries for arguments and syllogisms to repel the assaults of the adversary. At length, in his perplexity, he resolved to visit the venerable Kienker, of Kiel, a celebrated divine, whose whole attention for forty years had been devoted to defending Christianity against the cavils of

Infernal Theologians,

and to lay his difficulties before him for solution. He did so. The learned professor listened patiently and sympathetically to his recital, and then said simply, "My dear young friend, even were I to succeed in annihilating you, do you just take them all to Christ, and cast your burden utterly on Him; just let Him be to you really the Son of God, the Author of eternal life, your Saviour from all sin, and my word for it, the very moment you thus feel your-

Soldiers' Testimonies.

Brother Maddock, of Fort William.

I well remember the night when my mother died. I was about four years old and was sleeping in the same room with her. A few minutes before she died she got up, walked over to my bed, kissed me and told me that I had a mother now but would not have one in the morning. In 1854, at the age of twenty I enlisted in the Queen's service, and soon after becoming a soldier I started to drink. The fearful appetite grew on me worse and worse until sometimes I would have to be carried home from the hotels. I came to Canada in 1861, with 10,000 of the Queen's troops, and was stationed at Montreal, serving there the balance of my time.

After my release, in 1864, I started to roam about in Canada and the United States, following up railroad work, earning large wages constantly, but quickly spending my earnings. I would drink and drink as long as I could obtain it. Not until my last cent was spent would I go back to work.

After some years' wandering, I heard of Fort William, and like many others, followed the crowd to the place, seeking work. That was four years ago. I went to work, earned money, and spent it in drink. Finally I got so low that I found it difficult to get work. I was generally to be found around the hotels, for I could not pass a hotel

THANKS.



ET me thank you, ladies and gentlemen of the Salvation Army, for the stay you have voted for Prohibition. As the representative of the large and important family, GRAIN, I can say that we enjoy being collected by your inveterate workers, and do not object to being given as an offering to the Lord in your Harvest Festival Effort, for we know you will use us rightfully for the sustenance of life in the mortal body. But we do object to being given as an offering to the devil by being abused in the manufacturing of intoxicating drinks. I hope, ladies and gentlemen of Canada, that Prohibition will soon make any sinful use of our family impossible.

self consciously settled in His grace, all your

Doubts will Utterly Disappear; these difficulties or detail will no longer stop or stumble you; nay, the light which will fall upon you from Jesus Christ will dispense all your darkness, and make all within you rejoice.

The young man resolved to follow the advice of this venerable teacher. He returned to his inn. He opened his Bible, and, somewhat strangely, the very first passage that arrested his attention was the words of Paul: "Now unto Him who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all we can ask or think."

He Fell on His Knees.

"Of myself, O Lord," he cried, "I can do nothing. Do all Thyself; I believe Thou canst; I know that Thou wilt." And it was done. "When I arose," says this industrious man, "from my knees in that little room at Kiel, I felt as if the wings of eagles. And from that time onward I comprehended that what I needed to free my mind from doubts and give me peace was not arguments, not syllogisms, but Christ—the living Christ—so working in me by His spirit and power as to save and sanctify me fully." The moment I felt the touch of His hand, saw His face, felt His presence shining out in my heart, all my inward anguish was gone, and God vouchsafed unto me peace like a river.

Helps for J. S. Workers.

THE WISE MEN FROM THE EAST

The town of Bethlehem, where Jesus was born, contained about 600 inhabitants at that time, yet out of this small place came the Redeemer of the world. It was situated five miles south of Jerusalem.

THE WISE MEN.—They belong to a sacred caste of priests in the East, who made the study of the heavens their chief occupation, and were held in high repute because of the supposed knowledge. These wise men from the East had been LED OF GOD to come from their distant home to Jerusalem in search of the new-born King. What surprise must have met them when they reached Jerusalem to find the entire population ignorant of the birth of their King! A blind beggar recognized in Him the Son of God, while the Pharisees saw in Him an impostor and blasphemous.

FAITH OFTEN SPRINGS UP in places where least expected. There was at that time reigning over Jerusalem a foreign king, Herod, who was placed on the throne by the Roman power, but now in accordance with the prophecies of years before, there comes the long-expected Messiah.

HE WAS REJECTED, both as Saviour and King, and is rejected by many to-day, nevertheless, He will reign. Guided by a star the wise men enquired for Him that they might worship Him. It was not curiosity that prompted them, **THEY WANTED TO FIND JESUS.** The Jews never found Him, because they had no purpose or desire to worship Him. Jesus is revealed not to the "wise and prudent," but to the "babes" who long for salvation and are ready to worship at His feet.

HEROD TROUBLED.—The news of the birth of Christ was a menace to him. He was an usurper, and knew that the Pharisees would seize on any pretext to dethrone him, hence he was afraid of a rival.

HEROD'S PLANS.—Under a pretence of giving information to the wise men, and desiring himself to see and worship the Messiah, Herod gathered all the chief priests and scribes together and "demanded of them" where Christ should be born. The testimony of the priests and scribes was that Bethlehem was the place where Christ should be born.

HEROD'S HYPOCRISY.—As soon as he had obtained the information he sought from the scribes, he then enquired of the wise men what time the star first appeared. Their reply evidently had something to do with the massacre of the children some little time after. The presence of God makes wicked men tremble.

WORSHIPPING JESUS.—The wise men followed the guiding star until it led them to the right place. There is always joy in following Jesus and in knowing that we are led by Him. It is not enough to see Jesus, we must accept Him as our Saviour and yield ourselves to Him.

THE GIFTS OF THE WISE MEN.—By their act of worship the wise men recognized and accepted Jesus as the King whom they had been seeking so long. Then they laid down before Him gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh. They evinced a sincere desire to give Jesus the best they had, but He not only wants the best but all. Let us present ourselves to Him like that, which is our reasonable service (Romans xii. 1). He claims this because He has created and redeemed us, and wants to save and sanctify us.

The story shows us the manner in which an unseen but ever watchful power overrules the purposes of men. There is no counsel against the Lord.

QUESTIONS.

1. Name the place where Jesus was born.
2. What was the population of Bethlehem?
3. How far was it from Jerusalem?
4. Who was king there?
5. How were the wise men directed to Jesus?
6. What did they do when they found Him?

MEMORY TEXT.

"They rejoiced with exceeding great joy."

COMING SOON!

"THORNS."

By the Field Commissioner.

"THE GERMAN WAR."

By Commissioner McKie.

"JACOBI."

By Brigadier Complin.

A Character Sketch.



thing to tread heaven and to the world, I owes much to and herein, who have stepped to assisted by the with blazing light and rest-hat upon the very heart about reformation which have called to trouble. The subject of in all probability holy influences is home. Joy shipped there.

constrained son for God heart, and a fested that fanness, of strongly of attitude of He was a most quiet affecting e tath in the inspired the conclud this great l from his actor had of self-sacr whether st nery test of self in the he had eve DUTY. Look at temptation He has J Jerusalem the death penitence garments young men help myself do. I shal circumstances his heart" the wrong be or do approved i

A Character Sketch.

Daniel.

By
Adjutant
Mrs. Stanyon.

WHO shall say what far-reaching, wide-sweeping, world-wide issues shall spring from the germ of a mother's influence, born of sincere desire and holy ambition to see the tiny feet of her little one beginning to tread the path that leads to heaven and God.

The world, from its earliest history, owes much to parents of many a hero and heroine who at some critical moment have stepped upon the stage of time, assisted by the powers of heaven, and with blazing halberds and fiery tongues and red-hot crosses, have so moved upon the very heart of Christendom as to bring about reforms and transformations which have caused the world to wonder, Hell to tremble, and Heaven to rejoice.

The subject of our sketch was one who—in all probability—owed much to the holy influences and teachings of his Jewish home. Jehovah was loved and worshipped there, and the same zeal which

resolution, showing the strength of his old-home-influence and the sufficiency of Jehovah.

He was a Lad of Daalish.

He took his stand for RIGHT and was ready to stand alone—but his courageous attitude soon inspired others to stand with him, and they linked hands declaring by their actions their loyalty to the God of Israel, and that little band with the principles of Truth and Righteousness within them, with fixed purpose of heart, defied every power and met undiminished every foe, and stood as God's nobility in the Kingdom of Heaven, although on earth only the captives of an earthly monarch.

DECISION! How many have ignominiously failed and made shipwreck of their character for want of this virtue! Bright hopes blighted! Influence weakened! Sorrows multiplied! God dishonored! Heaven disappointed! Victories lost when nearly won! ALL FOR WANT OF DECISION. Daniel had it, and so has every man and woman who has ever achieved anything great in the interests of God and humanity in any generation.

And a brighter day dawned. But Daniel, knowing so well the weakness of human nature, resolved to have set times for prayer every day. By this means he could keep in touch with Heaven, and be the recipient of those blessings which God always gives so liberally to the seeker, and under four successive monarchs, in a post of honor, fraught with heavy responsibilities, he was faithful to his Heavenly and earthly king. His devotion to the country's interests was noted by his royal master, who, in return, made no secret of his confidence for and confidence in Daniel. He took his religion into his work, and amongst the cultured in the highest places it spoke loudly of an indwelling conquering power to which they were a stranger. His whole life was so spotless that even his enemies here witnesses to his faithfulness, although they hated that dignified, pure and lofty character which exalted him to wondrous heights above themselves. They even thirsted for his blood and planned for his destruction! They argued who was this foreigner that he should find such favor at Darius' court? They contrived to plan and scheme that this praying man's lips might be sealed forever, but they failed to find any charge against him under the ordinary law, so they invented a new one for this express purpose.

He was Faithful in the Face of Death.

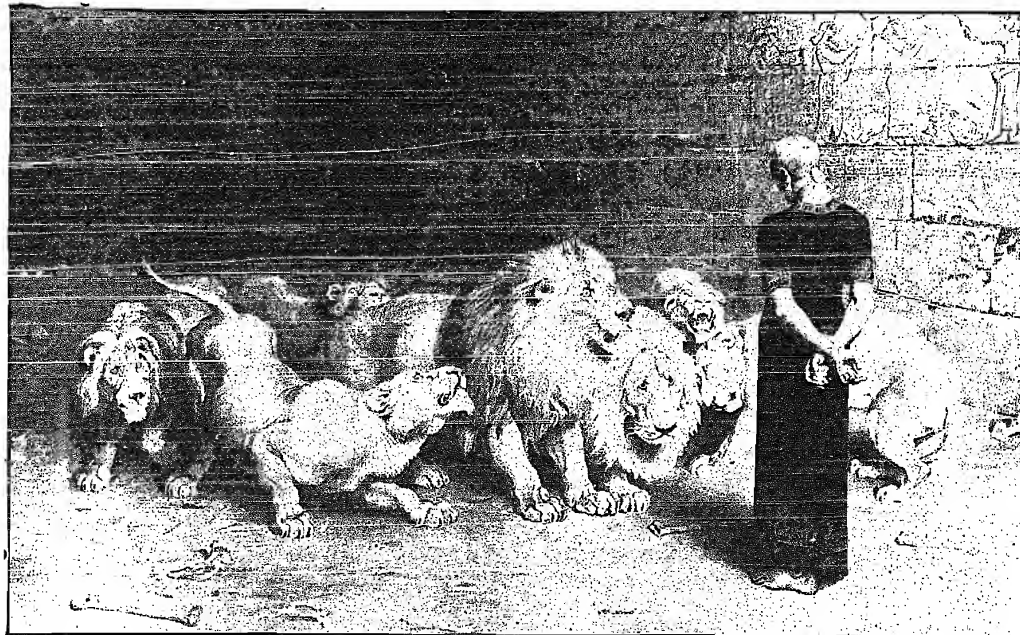
The plot was laid, the law was made, the decree was signed, and sent forth

a strong heart, a steady faith, and unflinching courage he embroiled the peril, pain and death, rather than dishonor the God of his mother and country.

He was thrown to the lions, but God had sent an angel to close their mouths, and His child and soldier stood in their midst unharmed and unscathed. It was an opportunity for the King's sincere affection and sorrow to be known. Even HIE had been taught to have faith in the ability of Daniel's God, for as his favorite minister was being hurled to the place of destruction, Darius said, "Thy God whom thou servest continually, He will deliver thee."

Daniel was preserved, his enemies decimated, and God miraculously magnified in the eyes of the whole nation, and a witness has stood out before all ages declaring the possibility of man being faithful to God and His purposes at all times, under all circumstances, and in all vicissitudes of life.

Can God reckon on US as He reckoned on His servant of old? Have we come up to His expectations in the tasks of our life, or have we been a disappointment? Has not fear of man and fear of pain often defeated the fulfillment of our very best desires and ambitions? Oh, that God will strengthen those principles within us that we may be long tributed to Daniel's hand, men and women who never count without the strong, the faithful, and the true!



constrained the parents to train their son for God, possessed the lad's own heart, and at a very tender age he manifested that force of character and faithfulness of his convictions which so strongly influenced his own and a multitude of other lives.

He was a hero of the truest type and most quality, and his mighty, world-affecting compass wrought by simple faith in that life and death crisis, has inspired thousands to loyalty to God and conscience at all costs. At the time of this great battle, Daniel was an old man, but from his childhood, strength of character had so developed by the practice of self-sacrifice and faithfulness in duty whether small or great, that when the heavy test of his life came, he found himself in the face of death itself just as he had ever been—UNBROUGHT TO BURY.

Look at him when under the fiercest temptation and the most glorious prosperity.

He has just been brought captive from Jerusalem and put down in the midst of the dazzling splendor, luxuries and headlongness of Nebuchadnezzar's court. Surrounded by these influences, some young men would have reasoned, "I can't help myself, I must do as the Babylonians do, I shall have to be a victim to circumstances." But Daniel "purposed in his heart" to put down his foot upon the wrong and do the right, resolving to be or do nothing unless his conscience approved; and he was faithful to his

Are WE standing amongst the army of the fatherless, hesitating, questioning, and weak, when we should be amongst the strong, the sure, the decided, and the out-and-out for God? Are we?

He was Faithful to His Convictions at All Times.

When once convinced of what was right he set his face like a flint to carry it out. HIS WAS FAITHFUL! Indeed that faithfulness seemed to be the keynote of that budding life. It was stamped upon the smallest as upon the greatest duty. His deep-rooted principle made it impossible for him to deal differently with the one than with the other. He realized that SMALL things test life—thus every day is filled with them—and to be faithful in these is to establish a character for faithfulness. What seems small to us may have infinite and eternal consequences!

He was Faithful in Prosperity.

When promotions and honors made him all one of the most responsible positions in that remarkable land as statesman, his spirit remained his simplicity, his heart its favor, his conscience its sensitiveness as of old. Ah! prosperity has often been the greatest of tests to faithfulness! Many a man who has fought his way through fierce temptations and vanished his foes on every hand, and stood invulnerable by his conviction of righteousness in adversity's darkness, has come down and miserably failed when the mists have

"That no man was to pray for thirty days to any God, under the penalty of death." Daniel heard it, reflected upon it, and realized to the full the consequences of disobeying the royal edict, and then with the same prompt decision which characterized his youth, he consecrated himself to his duty FOR LIFE OR DEATH. Defiance could not be detected in his attitude, only the brave countenance in carrying out the old plan which had so often touched the very heart of Jehovah Himself, and thrown open the flood-gates of Heaven, filling to overflowing his heart with those blessings which had increased his peace and power, and made him to stand as a conqueror over the world, the flesh, and the devil times innumerable.

Of course he prayed on—he could do no other—his windows must still be opened towards Jerusalem, his beloved native land, the seat of his best affections and dearest hopes! His courage was heroic, his confidence sublime, his trust perfect!

"Give us the faith that dare do right
That keeps the weakest brave and strong,
That will for Jesus nobly fight
That turns life's warfare into song!
That passes through the fiery test
That feeds and gives and does its best."

His enemies discovered and the charge was made which he could not deny! What a moment! Heaven was watching, Hell was snorting, and Babylon was cursing. But this hero of God came up to the great crisis of his life a conqueror! He had conquered all through, and with

THE LEAGUE OF MERCY NEEDS YOUR HELP.

The League of Mercy visitors can make use of any current numbers of the War Cry, or any other Army publications in their work.

Will comrades or friends send parcels of literature when read to the following officers and Mercy League

Sergeant-Majors:—

TORONTO Ont.—Mrs. Brigadier Gaskin, S. A. Temple

LONDON Ont.—Mrs. Major Southall, Clarence St.

HAMILTON Ont.—Mrs. Captain Dodge, Robeson St.

MONTREAL Que.—Mrs. Symington, 25 University St.

QUEBEC Que.—Mrs. Dawson

VICTORIA B. C.—Mrs. Captain Lacey

ST. JOHN'S Nfld.—Ensign Tovey, 25 Cook St.

WINNIPEG Man.—Mr. Haskirk

HALIFAX N. S.—Ensign Eckhardt, 49 Hollis St.

ST. JOHN N. B.—Adjutant Jones, 65 Elliot Road.

SPOKANE, Wash.—Adjutant Langtry, 732 Fourth

HARBOR GRACE, Nfld.—Mrs. Williams

OTTAWA, Ont.—Mrs. Weiber, Salvation Army.

or send addresses of those having periodicals to dispose of to Mrs. Brigadier Road, League of Mercy Secretary, Toronto, Canada.

Any one desiring friends in hospitals visited, or any one who they are interested in in prison write to Mrs. Road, Albert St., Toronto, sending stamp for reply.

Employing the soul is essential. Without it nothing else of any definite value in holiness work can be accomplished. Nevertheless, emptying the soul from sin after all is only a negative—making a way of something that ought to be removed—while the positive filling is the real, the rich, the essential part of holiness.—Rev. E. L. D. Pepper.

GAZETTE.

PROMOTIONS—

BRIGADIER MARGETTS, Territorial Secretary, to be LIEUTENANT-COLONEL.

STAFF—CAPTAIN HARGRAVE, Chancellor C. O. P., to be MAJOR. Lieut. Lemon, of the Financial Office, to be Captain.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH, Field Commissioner.

No Officer who can possibly arrange to be present at the Sixteenth Anniversary Meetings should be absent. For particulars see announcement on page 16.



Congratulations.

Our Staff and Field Officers, as well as our soldiers in every part of the Territory, will hail with joy and satisfaction the Field Commissioner's recognition of the long, able and faithful service of our beloved comrade, Brigadier Margetts, in his promotion to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. That he is deserving of it, will be admitted, we believe, without a dissenting voice in the Territory. Our Territorial Secretary is known in every part of the country with the exception of parts of the Pacific Province, and even there he will be known shortly, as he is now planning a tour of inspection through the North-West and Pacific Provinces, to be made immediately after the Anniversary meetings.

Staff-Captain Hargrave also is well known in Ontario, and his promotion to the rank of Major will cause general rejoicing, especially among the Toronto troops, where he is best known.

Right heartily we congratulate the Territorial Secretary and the C. O. P. Chancellor on this occasion.

The Plebiscite.

The populace of Canada has registered at the polls a glorious victory for the Prohibition cause. Outside of the Province of Quebec the total majority for Prohibition is about 62,000 votes, but the Province of Quebec giving a majority of 38,000 against, reduces the majority for the Dominion of Canada to about 24,000. These figures are not final, since complete returns have not reached us as we go to press, but only unimportant changes will take place. We thank God for this strong expression of a nation for the cause of Temperance, and pray that the Government will speedily introduce a Prohibition law into Parliament.

The Anniversary Meetings.

The excellent notes of the General Secretary on this page, and the detailed announcement on page sixteen, should be carefully read by every officer, soldier and fellow who is going to be there. There is no mistake but that we shall have a most glorious, inspiring, convicting, enlightening, soul-saving, devil-slashing, heart-searching, spirit-lifting series of public and private meetings. Let us pray, believe, expect and work for this aim, and we shall receive not only our share, but return to different parts of the Territory with plenty to spare wherewith to bless others.

THE BIGGBO OF THE YEAR.

YOU BE THERE!

Sixteenth Anniversary Gathering at Toronto.

The Dates. Yes, they are from October 15th to 27th, but you—that is, if you are a soldier or friend—will be more concerned to know the dates of the GREAT PUBLIC DEMONSTRATIONS and the SOLDIERS COUNCILS, therefore read the announcement on page 16 carefully.

Just think of it, you who delight in a big meeting, with hundreds of officers and soldiers to swell the mighty chorus of praise to Christ! What a time we shall have! Glory! Glory!! Glory!!!

Railway Arrangements.

"Live too far off." Nothing of the kind. My dear sir, you buy a SINGLE ticket and procure from the ticket agent a "Standard Certificate" at the same time. The ticket agent does not know what you are after, so do not ask him for a "cheap ticket," or return ticket, just GET A SINGLE TICKET and a STANDARD CERTIFICATE and you are all right for the return journey, by the payment of an extra 15 cents.

How is it Done?

Doubtful? You needn't be. It's all O. K.

Your Standard Certificate you will hand to Capt. Welsh at Headquarters (office on ground floor of Temple) who sees the Railway Authorities, for their magic little stamp does the trick. Just think of it, only 15 cents over the single fare—why, you can afford to bring your aunts and cousins.

Getting Home Again.

We ought not to talk about getting back at this early stage of the proceedings, but some of you are so awfully long-headed, you won't budge an inch till you can see right through to the finish. Well, well, you're right, a bigger dose of caution would save many a disaster, but by this arrangement with the railways, you can return on presentation of your certificate duly stamped on Thursday or Friday, Oct. 27th or 28th, but take my advice and stay over that Thursday meeting. It will be a stunner.

Miss Booth Speaks.

"When is Miss Booth speaking in the city again?" is a common query at Toronto.

"You've never heard Miss Booth?" "What?" Within 600 miles of Toronto and not heard Miss Booth? Sir, don't you miss your chance. There's three addresses to be given at the Pavilion on Sunday, then there's the Soldiers' Council—and, my word, you ought to hear the Commissioner in a Council—lastly, there is the great Church Meeting. Talk about a TORRENT of eloquence, just you come and see what God can do with the sanctified heart and mind and tongue.

Where Shall I Sleep?

Where? On the doorstep perhaps. If you don't ask Brigadier Gaskin for a billet before 17th Oct.

Now you know the date, and don't you knit your beautiful brow if you have nowhere to go because you did not ask for a billet early enough. "Nuff sed."

Say, what fun! This par is only for officers—and who could think of them being late?

Workmen's Hotel.

Yes, the other par was not for the soldiers, but this is. The Army has a hotel (not licensed, of course) at the corner of Wilton Av. and Victoria St., and if you drop a post card to Ensign Burrows he will reserve a bed for you, and provide meals. Here's the tariff. It's very cheap!—

Beds, 10 cents each night.

Meals, 10 cents each meal.

Now, isn't that right into line with your way of thinking? A Salvation spree for a few cents. "Sure an' you ought to know."

Get Blessed.

Yes, get blessed. You will need to come with that object in view. There are many pleasant associations and side issues to such great gatherings as the October Congress, but the main thing is to make it a time of spiritual profit. Have you sinned unpardonably?

Thank God, there is blood to wash your every sin away. Are you a child of God suffering the agony of occasional defeat? The Mighty River of Sanctifying Grace can deliver you, and He who redeemed you from sin and will can and will come Himself to dwell in you as a mighty Deliverer, saving you to the uttermost, and making you in all things "more than conqueror." The Lord? Then come and get your capacity enlarged, and be filled again to overflowing—after all it is the OVERFLOWING that blesses others. Lord, make us all to overflow.

"Oh, send another Pentecost. Thou Lamb for sinners slain: Quickened Thy saints, bring back the lost, Revive Thy work again."

THE COMMISSIONER AT COBOURG.

A Meeting to be Remembered.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," the old adage hath it, but there are exceptions to prove every rule, and Cobourg is the one in point. The fact that its people had looked forward with so much anticipation to the promised visit of the Field Commissioner, of which under the stress of unyielding business, she had been obliged to disappoint them, did not detract one whit from the expectation rising in every heart when again her coming was announced.

The Opera House had been secured for the occasion, as being the only building capable of supplying adequate accommodation for the throng of Salvationists and citizens who had made side by side with the Army's Territorial Commissioner.

A theatrical company had been bled to occupy the hall on that very Friday but they very gracefully gave place to the Army's claim. Judging by the large and interesting throng which subsequently gathered to meet the Commissioner it is doubtful what the effect upon the theatrical company's crowd would have been, had they not given way.

Such enthusiastic demonstration voiced Cobourg's whole-hearted welcome, as the Commissioner, accompanied by the Chief Secretary, appeared on the platform. The meeting soon settled down into a serious consideration of the claims of God. The preliminaries paved the way for the Commissioner's convicting appeal. A stirring song, some soul-lifting prayers, and a solo from Adjt. Morris—that old yet never tarnishing, "Jesus now is passing by," Little Willie's fair face and soul-touching singing struck chords of sympathy all over the building.

The Commissioner's address was a masterpiece. Her fervent talk forced the consciences of those before her to examine and decide upon the eternal truths of God. The Commissioner had stepped straight into the train from her work-encompassed office, and almost as directly from the railway depot to the meeting, and was feeling some consequent fatigue. But, as usual, putting all personal considerations on one side, she devoted herself to dealing with the soul needs of the crowd, with holy energy and force. God was with her, and those burning words will long wake echoes of memory to remind of the eternal realities of sin and salvation.

The prayer meeting was well fought and powerful. While the Chief Secretary held the reins the Commissioner slipped from her seat to personally persuade the halting. Not the least interesting of those she dealt with was the well-dressed business man, who dated his first religious impressions to the reading of the Commissioner's letter to the backslider, published in the War Cry some two years ago. An inspiring conclusion was the consecration covenant, joined in by the majority of the audience with linked hands and united voices.

Owing to the urgent pressure of various important matters, more especially the preparation of the backslider material for the coming Self-Denial, the Commissioner was reluctantly obliged to cancel her appointments at Belleville, Picton and Cornwall. Comrades and friends at the disappointed places will understand and appreciate the Commissioner's overcrowded time, and instead of having a wonderful event to look back upon, have yet a treat in store.



The General's Sunday at Swindon was the scene of much awakening and definite result. Forty-eight sought salvation in the night meeting. It was sixteen years since the General had visited Swindon.

The Juniors are having a Harvest Festival of their own, which is being taken up with great spirit.

The General has made an appeal for help for the sufferers in the terrible tornado which recently swept over the Barbadoes. \$500 has already been dispatched from International Headquarters.

Attention has been called of late to the increase of drunkenness among the working women of the East-End. The Social Gazette in keeping its reputation for up-to-date news by a thorough investigation into the question in all its aspects.



Commander Booth-Tucker is organizing a great soul-saving and soldier-making campaign throughout the United States. It will be known as the Red Crusade.

The Harvest Festival has been a huge success. From figures already to hand it is reckoned that the total will surpass most sanguine expectations.

Another great gathering is to be held in the Carnegie Hall, on Oct. 18th. The first session of Cadets will be commissioned for the Field, the Red Crusade will be launched, the Annual Social Report given, etc., etc.

Proposals are under consideration for the opening of Men's Shelters in New Haven and Indianapolis, and a second in Providence. Women's Shelters in Chicago and Boston. Properties have been actually secured for a large shelter accommodating 300 men in Philadelphia, and a smaller one for Syracuse.



The Self-Denial dates throughout Australasia are from October 15th to 21st.

A Preventive Home for Children has been opened in Brunswick.

The final meeting of the Central Social Annals was conducted by the Commandant in the Melbourne Town Hall. Sir John Madden (acting Governor of Victoria) presided, assisted by the Mayor, the Minister of Railways, and other distinguished people. The crowded, enthusiastic gathering was a fitting climax to the brilliant series of Social Annals which had gone before it.

Mrs. Booth was present at the Melbourne Town Hall, and made her first public speech after her late illness. She is reported as slowly gaining strength and before long hopes to be fully at the front again.

The system of Corps Cadets is now established. The Commandant dedicated a brigade of very promising boys and girls at the Melbourne City Temple.



The Sixteenth Anniversary of the Salvation Army's work in India was celebrated last September.

Self-Denial dates are Oct. 25th to Nov. 5th.

A Soldiers' Home has been opened at Bareilly, which is proving a great success.

Colonel Muna Bhal's health has been so seriously unsatisfactory that it has been necessary for him to go on a lengthened furlough to England.



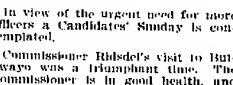
Commissioner Booth-Hellberg has conducted several Field and Staff Councils at Bordeaux and Nimes, followed by public meetings. In spite of the very oppressive heat, good crowds attended and most blessed results are reported.

Self-Denial Week will be observed Oct. 22nd to 29th. The target is fixed at 73,000 francs (about \$14,500).

The Territory has now 5,130 enrolled soldiers and recruits.

Commissioner Rallion is conducting a special campaign in the West of France. The meetings over which he presided at Rochefort and La Rochelle were particularly rich in heavenly blessings.

The Army has lost one of its bravest friends and supporters in this country, the Rev. Edw. Verrier, who has been called home by his Saviour. At the request of the widow, Capt. Bertrand, of the Valence Corps, offered a prayer at the funeral service.



In view of the urgent need for more officers a Candidates' Sunday is contemplated.

Commissioner Ridsdell's visit to Butaway was a triumphant time. The Commissioner is in good health, and pushing ahead with much aggression.

Plans are on foot to bring Kaffir Salvationists more to the front. Amongst them are effective speakers who will be of splendid service in town native work.

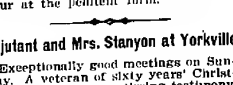
Social work is by no means limited to the Shelters. A Field Officer told that during two or three months, over thirty cases had been sheltered in his barracks and quarters.

A booming Junior work is going on amongst the Ammosas. Brigadier Wilmer, the Provincial Officer for native work, writes jubilant of their Junior Soldiers' Annual, at which the little natives excelled in songs and drills with much skill. One hundred and thirty prizes were awarded to the children.



Brigadier Clibborn has visited England on important matters. Officers have opened public meetings in Rome and Milan.

Brigadier Clibborn, back from London, has resumed his duties at the Turin Headquarters. He speaks most encouragingly of the work in the country.



A young man who disturbed the Salvation Army meetings at Contor, Jamaica, was warned by Capt. Mullins that "the hand that dishonors God will be the one to bring him into trouble." A few days afterwards, while shooting on Sunday, his right hand was so badly injured by an accidental shot that it had to be amputated.

High Time at Riverside.

Major and Mrs. Horn, with his tall assistant, Eusebio Adams, held forth at Riverside, Sunday, October 2nd. The meetings were good outside and inside and all day. Wound up at night with four at the penitent form.

Adjutant and Mrs. Stanyon at Yorkville. Exceptionally good meetings on Sunday. A veteran of sixty years' Christian experience gave stirring testimony. Marches, congregations, and finances good shape. Capt. Kerr welcomed as a soldier of the corps. Adjutant spoke with fiery vehemence. One sinner sought salvation at the penitent form.

Reflections THE GENERAL.

ALTHOUGH I have not troubled the readers of the War Cry with my Reflections of late, they will not, I hope, therefore conclude that I have given up reflecting. Neither must they suppose that I have ceased to have matters under my observation worthy of being reflected upon; because never of late have more important matters been transpiring within the sphere of my influence, or have I done more reflecting on the same. Indeed, I think sometimes that if, in common with many of my comrades, I reflected less and believed more, it would be better for the Kingdom all round. Still, we must attend to the reflecting and not leave the believing undone. At least the Editor of the War Cry is of that opinion, seeing that he not only thinks that I should go on reflecting, but should give, as of old, some of my reflections to his readers, whom he assures me, will be pleased to receive them, and will be allowed to hope that they will find some profit as well as some little interest in their perusal.

Brigadier Read and Staff-Captain Phipp.

Among other things that have forced themselves upon my notice, and compelled my consideration, and been the attentions of our old acquaintance—DEATH. Within the last few days he has taken from our ranks two comrades whom we could badly spare. The Promotion to Glory of Brigadier Read has been already noted in these columns, and this week the report reached me that Staff-Capt. Phipp has gone to join the Host above. The departure of both was sudden and unexpected, and they are truly mourned over by their General. To the dear bereaved ones, who are likely to feel the loss most acutely, I tender both my own sympathy and that of every comrade in the Army.

The Army Sympathisers.

On the morning of the 28th instant, Evangeline Booth-Tucker, my twenty-eight grandchild, went through the Gates of Pearl into the City of God. It is not difficult for me to believe that her dear grandma has received and taken charge of the child, who came to us with so much promise nearly three months ago, and that, under her watchful care, she will be trained up to celestial womanhood, and so made meet for the Master's use, whatever that may be. Of one thing we can be quite certain, and that is that Evangeline will be a joy to her dear Mother and Father when they meet again. She will have for her companions in her Heavenly home, the three dear Grandchildren who have already preceded her to the Hallelujah Land. I, too, shall meet them there.

I am sure that I am perfectly safe in assuring the Consul and Commander of the sympathy of every reader of the War Cry in this sorrow. The disease that carried the little one away was of the most acute and agonizing character, and at least one other member of the family was brought to the edge of the River by it. It has been a trying and painful affliction, but God will make it work for good.

An International Sensation.

Almost every reader of the War Cry will have heard of the Emperor of Russia's appeal to the Nations in favor of Peace. In this document he asks whether the time has not come when the increase of Armies and Navies, with the tremendous cost involved thereby, should not be arrested. I need not say that this appeal delighted me, and it is already known that I have said "Amen!" to it in the readiest and most emphatic manner possible. Let my readers may not have seen it, I subjoin a copy of the telegram I forwarded to St. Petersburg immediately the information reached me:

"To H. I. M., the Czar, St. Petersburg. 'May it please your Majesty, I have received with profound thankfulness to God the news of your Imperial Majesty's wise, beneficent and Christ-like proposal in favor of Universal Peace. I cannot refrain from assuring you of the admiration of multitudes of Salvationists in all part of the world, whose prayers will ascend to Almighty God for your Majesty and for the triumph of those principles of peace and righteousness for which they are ever striving, and which are moving

you to seek the true welfare of all Nations. This great act of Goodwill must for ever add to the honor of your Majesty's name and reign and Country.

WILLIAM BOOTH, General of the Salvation Army."

The Czar's Rescript has commanded universal attention, and has been responded to with the heartiest wishes for its success, each nation being willing to join in a compact to stop the multiplication of Soldiers and War Ships, if it can do so without any serious interference with its present possessions, or its ambitions to acquire more. Whether it will be regarded in any more serious light remains to be seen.

Universal Peace.

But what about the Rescript—a greater than that of the Emperor of All the Russias—issued two thousand years ago, brought down direct from the Throne of God, which proclaimed Peace throughout all the earth and Goodwill to every man upon its surface? Is there any true grudge of hate between the Nations white that infestation is allowed to remain comparatively dormant, if not actually a dead letter? The Peace contemplated in that Proclamation is of

Threefold Character.

1. We want Peace between Man and God. How can there be any real and abiding Peace while men are at war with their Maker? That is the first business.

2. We want Peace in every individual man's own bosom. While men are fighting in their own souls—that is, inclinations pulling one way and conscience another—how can we hope for the patience, and forbearance, and benevolence that are essential to Peace abroad?

3. When men are friends with God and at Peace in their own minds, then may we hope for that beautiful, blessed benevolence and self-denial which will make Military Wars impossible, but end those bitter quarrels, strifes, and contentions that are far more destructive of the happiness of men in this life, and their bliss in the world to come, than any conflicts between the nations can be.

While wishing all desired success to the Czar and everyone else who fights the demon War, the Salvation Army perseveres in her God-ordained task of promoting individual Reconciliation with God, Individual Holiness, and Individual Consecration to the work of saving the multitudes who are living, and fighting, and dying at our doors. Comrades, we are going right; we only want to push along much faster.

An Extravagant Notion.

It has long been my belief—however improbable its realization may appear to be to the unbelieving world around me—that the only way to get any thing else—that the working out of the Principles on which we deal with the Sinnered Classes, would not only be effective in securing a large proportion of these unfortunates, and thereby stopping the multiplication of the Species, but also in making the Redeemed pay the expense of their deliverance. This was to be obtained, in the first instance, by the value of the work done and the profits created by them while under our care; and, secondly, by the creation of a conscience in those delivered, which should lead them to repay the money expended upon them as soon as possible after going out into the world. Already hundreds, nay, thousands, of men dredged up from the depths of Poverty, and Vice, and Crime, are filling respectable and remunerative positions. Why should they not give a portion of the earnings in life, and bestow a share of their fortunes at death, for the support of the Institution that has been the means of their Salvation for Time and Eternity? Already something in this direction is being done, and the letter that follows, forwarded from Paris last week by Commissioner Booth-Hellberg, illustrates my contention:

"To Commissioner Booth-Hellberg. 'My dear Commissioner—About three years ago, having fallen through my own fault into the deepest moral and physical misery, I met with the Salvation Army, which held out to me a saving hand, and drew me out of that position. I left the Institution a fortnight ago, during which time God

has particularly spoken to me. Not being able to find work, I enlisted in the Marine Infantry, and received a bounty of Two Hundred Francs.

"Of this sum I beg of you to kindly accept One Hundred Francs, which I send you by Post Office Order in this letter. I cannot call this action really a gift, for six years ago I found a Bank Note for One Hundred Francs in the public street. Being in an awkward position, I kept this money, but God showed me while with the Army that I ought to refund it. Unfortunately I had not the money then, but now that I possess it I hasten to do so."

"Do not think, dear Commissioner, that it is without an effort that I do this; but, glory to God, He has gained the victory! I trust in Him who every time that I have been willing to submit myself has not forsaken me, and I know that in my Regiment He will keep me faithful and take care of me."

"I beg you to do with this amount whatever appears to you to be most useful. I know that in your hands the money will be well placed. This sum in the Regiment would not have been of much use to me, perhaps it would have been a temptation, and it is with joy that I send it to you."

"Accept, dear Commissioner, the feelings of a grateful heart towards the Salvation Army. 'V—R—'"

General Secretary and Adj. Manton at St. Catharines.

The General Secretary and Adjutant George Manton took a leading part in the special demonstration at St. Kitt's on Saturday and Sunday. His exhortations and finances trebled, largely as a result of indefatigable efforts of Ensign Fox to thoroughly advertise the meetings. He has received great support over all. Soldiers received great uplift. Public Impressed for God and right.

Central Councils.

A series of councils, at which the officers of the Bowmanville, Hamilton and Toronto Districts were present, were conducted by Brigadier Gaskin and the Provincial Staff, in Toronto on Wednesday, Sept. 28th.

Both sessions were marked by freedom and cheerfulness. Everybody came in expectancy for something good, and they were not disappointed.

A large united open-air meeting at the corner of Queen and Spadina was followed by a glorious meeting in old Richmond St. barracks. The building was nicely filled, and right through there was a good feeling, which now and again manifested itself in the outburst of Amen and Hallelujahs.

Testimonies full of life and enthusiasm followed in quick succession for about 25 minutes; then the heavy guns were placed in position, and a terrific battle followed. Music and song, mingled with the roar of the artillery; the position of the enemy was attacked and a desperate effort made to get them to surrender. The Brigadier gave a practical Bible reading. Mrs. Gaskin hit with effect. Mrs. Harrave sang a sweet song, while Adj. Barnes and others gave out some red-hot truth. The net was pulled in by Staff-Capt. Harrave, and after a long struggle, just as we were about to close, a poor backslider returned home. Many were deeply convicted and wounded. They ought to have yielded, but put it off to some other time.

G. B. M. Appointments.

ENSIGN SIMS—Newport, Vt., Oct. 13, 14; St. Johnsbury, Oct. 15, 16; Barre, Oct. 17, 18; Burlington, Oct. 19, 20.

ENSIGN CHUMMINS—Minto, N. D., Oct. 14, 15; Devils Lake, Oct. 16, 17; Larimore, Oct. 18, 19, 20; Hannah, Oct. 21, 22, 23; Killarney, Oct. 24; Morden, Oct. 25, 26; Winnipeg, Oct. 27.

ENSIGN COLLIER—Essex, Oct. 13; Windsor, Oct. 14, 15, 16; Comber, Oct. 17; Tilbury, Oct. 18; Chatham, Oct. 19, 20; Thameville, Oct. 21; Bothwell, Oct. 22, 23; Toronto, Oct. 24-31.

ENSIGN PERRY—Newcastle, Oct. 13; Douglastown, Oct. 14; Chatham, Oct. 15, 16; Fredericton, Oct. 17; Woodstock, Oct. 18; Fastote, Oct. 19; Houlton, Oct. 20; Calais, Oct. 21; St. Stephen, Oct. 22, 23.

ENSIGN ANDREWS—Kirkfield, Oct. 13, 14; Norland, Oct. 15; Kinnoult, Oct. 16, 17; Fendou Falls, Oct. 18; Riaborn, Oct. 19; Omenee, Oct. 19; Bowmanville, Oct. 20, 21; Oshawa, Oct. 22, 23.

AN IRON PILLAR

Autobiography of Madame Guyon.

CHAPTER IV.

FTTERWARDS we came to Paris, where my vanity increased. No course was spared to make me appear to advantage. One who had asked for me in marriage for several years, my father, for family reasons, had refused. But, I should leave my God, how great was my goodness, to bear with me and allow me to pray to Thee with as much boldness, as if I had been one of Thee. The joy of our solitude was universal through our village. Amidst this general rejoicing, there appeared none sad but myself. I could neither laugh nor cry, so much was I depressed, though I knew not the cause. But it was a foretaste God gave me of what was to befall me.

I did not see my spouse-elect, at Paris, till three days before our marriage. I caused masses to be said all the time after my being contracted. To know the will of God, O my God, how great was my goodness, to bear with me and allow me to pray to Thee with as much boldness, as if I had been one of Thee. The joy of our solitude was universal through our village. Amidst this general rejoicing, there appeared none sad but myself. I could neither laugh nor cry, so much was I depressed, though I knew not the cause. But it was a foretaste God gave me of what was to befall me.

At the time of my marriage I was a little just fifteen. My surprise increased when I saw I must lose what I had acquired with so much application. At my father's house we were obliged to behave in a genteel way, and speak with propriety. Here they never backed to me, but to contradict and find fault. If I spoke well, they said it was to give them a lesson. If I spoke my sentiments, they said it was to enter into dispute. They put me to silence in a shameful manner, and would not let me from morning until night. My mother-in-law conceived such a desire to oppose me in everything, that, in order to vex me, she made me perform the most humiliating offices. All her occupation was to thwart me, and she inspired the like sentiment in her son. They would make persons far my inferiors take place above me. My mother, who had a high sense of honor, could not endure that. And when she heard it from others, for told her nothing, she chided me, thinking I did not know how to keep my rank, and that I had no spirit. I durst not tell her how it was; but I was almost ready to die with the agonies of grief and vexation.

And what aggravated them all, was the remembrance of the persons who had proposed for me, the difference, the love they had for me, their agreeableness and politeness. All this made my position painful, my burden intolerable. My mother-in-law upbraided me in regard to my family, and spoke incessantly to the disadvantage of my father and mother. I never went to see them, but I had bitter speeches to bear on my return.

My mother complained that I did not come often to see her, did not love her, was alienated from my own family, and too much attached to my husband. I had heavy suffering to undergo on both sides. My husband obliged me to stay all day in my mother-in-law's room, without any liberty of going out as I pleased, so I had not a moment's respite to breathe. She spoke disadvantageously of me to everybody, to lessen the affection some entertained for me, and to gild me with the grossest affronts before the finest company. This had not the effect she wanted; for the more patiently they saw me bear it, the higher esteem they had for me.

To complete my affliction, they presented me with a waiting-maid who was everything with them. She kept me in sight like a covertress, and treated me in a strange manner. For the most part

I bore with patience these evils. But sometimes I let some hasty answers escape me, which was a sort of grievous crosses to me, and violent reproaches for a long time. When I went out the footman had orders to give an account of everything I did. I began to cut the bread of sorrows, and mingle tears with my drink. At the table they always did something to me, which covered me with confusion. I could not forbear to weep, and had a double confusion—one for what they said, and the other for not being able to refrain weeping. I had no one to confide in who might share my affliction, and assist me to bear it. When I would impart some hint of it to my mother, I drew upon myself some crosses, so that I resolved to have no confidant of my trouble. It was not from any natural enmity that my husband treated me thus; for he loved me passionately, but he was hotly, and my mother-in-law continually irritated him about me.

Such weighty crosses made me return to God. I began to deplore the sins of youth; for since my marriage I had not committed a single sin voluntarily. I had read the reading of romances. Novels appeared to me only full of deceit. I put away even indifferent books. I resumed the practice of prayer, and endeavor to offend God no more. I felt his love gradually recovering the ascendancy in my heart, and banishing every other. Yet I had still an intolerable vanity, self-complacency, my most grievous and obstinate sin.

My crosses doubled every day. My mother-in-law, not content with the bitterest speeches in public and private, would break out in a passion about the smallest trifles, and scarcely be pacified for a fortnight together. These so impeded the vivacity of my nature that I became like a dumb that is dumb. As my age differed from theirs my husband was twenty-two years older than I. I saw that there was no probability of changing their humors, fortified with years. As I found that whatever I said was offensive, I knew not what to do. One day, being alone, I was tempted to cut out my tongue, that I might no longer irritate those who seized every word I uttered, and would not let me rest. But Thou, O God, didst stop me and show me my folly.

My condition in marriage was rather that of a slave than of a free person. My husband was gaily. This much caused me many crosses. I had the room twice the first year, six weeks each time. He was so plagued with it, that he came not out of his room, nor offered out of his bed. I carefully attended him, though so young. He had that folie, that when anyone said anything to him against me, he flew into a passion. It was the conduct of Providence over me; for he was a man of reason, and loved me much. When I was sick, he was inconsolable. But it had been for my mother-in-law, and the girl I have spoken of, for he was a man of reason, and loved me much. When I was sick, he was inconsolable. But it had been for my mother-in-law, and the girl I have spoken of, for he was a man of reason, and loved me much.

The first year I did not make proper use of my afflictions. I was all vain. I sometimes fled, to excuse myself to my husband and mother-in-law. Sometimes I fell into a passion. But Thou, O my God, opened my eyes. I found in Three reasons for suffering, which I never found in the creature. I afterwards saw clearly and with joy that this conduct, unreasonable and mortifying, was necessary; for had I been applauded here as at my father's, I should have grown intolerably proud. I had a fault common to our sex, I could not hear a beautiful woman praised without finding fault with her.

Just before the birth of my first child, they were induced to grant me so much, and my crosses were mitigated. Indeed, I was so ill, it was enough to excite the compassion of the most indifferent. They had so great a desire for their children to inherit their fortune they were continually afraid lest I should hurt myself. I took a fever, which rendered me so weak that I could scarcely bear to be moved, to have my bed made. When I began to recover, an imposthume on my breast, laid open in two places, gave me great pain. Yet all these miseries seemed only a shadow of troubles, in comparison with those I suffered in the family; which daily increased. I was also subjected to violent headaches. I felt so worn and weary that those miseries which were thought mortal did not frighten me

The sickness improved my appearance, and served to increase my vanity. I was glad to call forth expressions of regard; and when in the street, I pulled off my mask out of vanity, and drew off my gloves to show my hands. Could there have been greater folly? After falling into these weaknesses, I used to weep bitterly at home; yet when occasion offered, I fell into them again. My husband was considerably. This course of strange crosses; not that I cared for the losses, but I seemed to be the butt of all the ill-humors of the family. It would require a volume to describe all I suffered.

I would be totally silent with regard to their treatment of me, were it not for the infirmity you have laid upon me, as my spiritual director, to relate everything.

I now dressed my hair in modest manner, never painted, and to subdue the vanity which still had possession of me, I rarely looked in the glass. My reading was confined to books of devotion, such as Thomas à Kempis and Francis de Sales. I read these aloud to the servants, whilst the maid was dressing my hair; and suffered myself to be dressed as she pleased, which I was very desirous to avoid. My vanity used to be exercised. I knew not how things were; but they always thought all well in point of dress. How often have I cried out, I am not so much to worship God as to be seen. Other women, jealous of me, affirmed that I painted; and told my confessor, who chided me for it. I assured him I was innocent. I spoke in my own praise, and sought to raise myself by depreciating others. Yet these faults gradually decreased. I was sorry afterwards for having committed them. I often examined myself strictly, writing down my faults from week to week. I was, though fatigued, was of little service, because I trusted in my own efforts. I wished indeed to be reformed, but my good desires were languid.

At one time my husband's absence was so long, my crosses and vexations at home so great, that I determined to go to him. My mother-in-law strongly opposed it; but this once my father interceded, she let me go. I found he had likely to have died. Through vexation and fretting, he was much changed; for he could not finish his affairs, having no liberty in attending to them, keeping himself secluded at the Hotel de Longueville, where Madame de Longueville was extremely kind to me. As I came publicly, he was in great fear lest I should make him known. In a rage, before me return; but love, and my long absence from him, surmounting every other reason, he relented, and suffered me to stay. He kept me eight days without letting me stir out of my chamber; till, fearing the effects of such a close confinement, he desired me to walk in the garden.

I cannot express all the kindness I met with in this house. All the domestics served me with emulation, and applauded me. Everyone studied how to divert or oblige me. Outwardly everything appeared agreeable, but chagrin so ruffled my husband, that I had continually something to bear. Sometimes he threatened to throw the supper out of the window; but I said he would then do me an injury, as I had a keen appetite. I made him laugh, and talked with him. This appeased and diverted him. Before that melancholy prevailed over all his endeavors and over the love he had for me. But God armed me with patience, and gave me grace to return him no answer; so that the devil was forced to retire in confusion, through the signal assistance of that grace.

(To be continued.)



SECRETARY and SISTER KNAPP, of Ingersoll.

Ingersoll's Prohibition Rally.

A thoroughly representative and enthusiastic Prohibition Meeting was held in the Army barracks during the recent campaign. Though the rain had fallen steadily throughout the afternoon and evening, it quite failed to dampen the ardor of the many earnest workers in this hand to hand fight with the powers of darkness and sin. A slight disappointment was caused by the absence of Rev. Mr. McKay, of Woodstock, but this was replaced by delight when the Rev. James Grant, Pastor of the Baptist Tabernacle, was announced as his substitute.



JAS. F. MORREY, Union Park, Co.

Our good friend, Bro. J. F. Morrey, who occupied the chair, opened with a rousing salvation song, "We're a band that shall conquer the foe," after which prayer was offered in behalf of the present crisis of our country's future, and the victims of the drink traffic, that they might be led to the Fountain of Life.

Secretary and Sister Knapp next sang a suitable solo. T. A. Bellamy addressed the meeting and gave a most interesting statement of the States and also local townships which have adopted Prohibition, and are prospering steadily.



T. A. BELLAMY, Editor "Sun".

The "Ten good (?) reasons why I should vote No." were handled. Mr. Bellamy turning away the cloak of solemnity and ignorance from each and revealing them in their meanness and falsehood—unable to bear the daylight. Rev. Mr. Grant followed and with weighty and reverent address was from the heart to the heart, every word carrying weight and bringing light and inspiration.



REV. JAMES GRANT.

The responsibility resting on each franchise holder with dealt with. "Let us have no skulking on the 25th, \$2 extra taxes, indeed! There stands before you to-night a man who would give \$2, if needed, and never will he have parted with money so willingly in all his life. (Laughter and applause.) . . . Anything! No price is too dear to wipe out this blot and stain and curse from our country. . . . I would not give a brass button for a man who is not willing to pay for his principles." (Hear, hear.)

T. A. Bellamy moved a vote of thanks for the way the S. A. are interesting themselves in this and every good work. Motion seconded by Mr. T. Newton and carried unanimously.

Capt. Slot spoke of the Army's attitude towards the drink traffic. The meeting closed with every heart enthused and many doubtful ones converted to "vote as you pray."—Reg. Cor. Alvin Kennedy.

If thou expect death as a friend prepare to entertain it; if thou expect death as an enemy, prepare to overcome it; death has no advantage, but when it comes a stranger.—Quarles.

Do you know the meaning of the word "forever"? If you do you will be able to form some estimate of the value of your neighbor's soul, and some idea of how much you should suffer for it.—Commandant Herbert Booth.

-OR TO-

MRS. BRIGADIER READ, ALBERT ST., TORONTO

BRIGADIER AND MRS. GASKIN

TOURING IN NORTH ONTARIO.

Leaving Toronto by the early morning train, we reached Orangeville about 11 o'clock, where Capt. Wicks and Lieut. Paxton met us. We had nearly half an hour's chat about the war. I was pleased to learn that in spite of the hardness of the fight, and many trying difficulties, the work was progressing, and that two recruits had been recently enrolled, who were doing well. The kindly thought of the officers in bringing us a lunch to the train will not be forgotten.

OWEN SOUND.—Capt. White met us at our arrival and escorted us to the quarters. Ensign Smith had just enrolled six new soldiers, who are going to make good Blood-and-Fire warriors. In spite of rain we had a grand open-air meeting. The large crowd was splendidly attentive. The inside meeting was good; four Local Officers were appointed. Ensign Smith has things well in hand and a good work is going forward. Unfortunately, the Ensign has been very sick, and is now having a well-earned furlough. Capt. Goldner and Lieut. Kivell are holding the fort.

LITTLE CURRENT.—After being rocked and rolled about on the Georgian Bay all night, and suffering some considerable inconvenience internally in consequence, we were pleased to reach this lovely spot before 5 o'clock. A hasty cup of tea and a brush-down, and here is Brother Wilson with his famous team, ready to drive us to the outpost, over seven miles away.

SHEQUINDAH.—Up hill and down hill, over rock and through brush, and here is the little wooden barracks all lit up, ready for the meeting. This barracks is one of the cleanest, neatest little places I ever saw, built entirely by the few soldiers. We had a good meeting and a good crowd inside. The Indians sang and testified fine. After the meeting Bro. and Sister Wesley provided for the needs of the inner man.

Then came the journey back. Bro. Wilson's ponies are marvellous of sure-footedness and good eye-sight, and Bro. Wilson himself knows how to drive a team and no mistake. Unfortunately, when about half way home a spring broke, which occasioned some delay, but we reached Little Current at 1 a.m. We found out way to the billet to discover that the lamp had gone out and the family retired for the night. We went out into the street, beyond some matches of a man we chanced to meet, and retired "just a little" tired.

During the night Ensign Andrews (G. B. M.) turned up, and in company with him on Saturday morning, we "cleared the Indian's eye."

Little Current has only a population of some 400 or 500 people, so we were remarkably pleased with the audience of 108 adults on a Saturday night in the Music Hall, where a fine welcome meeting was held.

Sunday morning found us at Sucker Creek, Indian Reserve. We had a grand meeting, an Indian interpreter acted interpreter and ONE soul was saved. Barracks nearly full.

The afternoon at Little Current was somewhat disappointing in numbers, although we had a fine open-air meeting. However, what was lacking in the afternoon was made up for at night. Twenty-five soldiers were at the crowded open-air meeting, and 261 adults gathered in the Music Hall for the evening service. We had a glorious time. The meeting itself was one long to be remembered, and heat of all TWO souls sought pardon, one was the Indian constable who was interpreter in the morning. He had been a hick-soldier 22 years through drink. Monday night we had another fine meeting, 150 people present; and again on Tuesday, when TWO souls came forward.

Mr. Turner, a staunch friend of the Army, loaned us the large Music Hall for four meetings free. God will reward him.

Many outside people told me that since the Army's advent drinking had almost ceased among the Indians, and that instead of being indolent and drunken, they were industrious and sober, some 30 being Salvationists.

We left on Wednesday afternoon by the boat, sorry that our stay could not be longer. Capt. Smith and Lieutenant Mulmipuz were like "Frogmen and are much loved by the people. God bless Little Current.

STUBBERRY.—It took nearly 27 hours to get here, including a wait of 16 hours at Cutlers. So it was with delight we spied the bonnets of Adj. Scarr and

Lieut. Matthews. Bro. Trickey helped with the baggage, and we were soon chatting over a cup of tea in the prime area next quarters into which the officers have recently moved. The four days spent with these warriors were amongst the happiest and most profitable. The soldiers are a splendid band—whole-hearted, united and Blood-and-Fire. Three souls for sanctification and THREE for salvation were the visible results. Crowds were good, finances magnificent. There is a bright future before this corps, especially in the better-situated new barracks.

NORTH BAY.—We arrived here at 2 a.m. Monday, and were glad to see Capt. McCann and her Lieutenant. Soldiers turned up well for open-air and we had a nice crowd inside and good meeting.

HUNTSVILLE.—We left North Bay



RICHMOND ST.—Beautiful weekend. Saturday night Ensigns Fletcher and Adams drew large crowds, speaking against the liquor traffic. Sunday we had two comrades from the Farm, S. M. Edwards and Capt. Dalehenty. Adj. Stanyon dropped in for the holiness meeting, and brought along Mrs. Stanyon in the evening. Both the Adjutant and Mrs. Stanyon gave a stirring address on temperance. Very impressive meeting, winding up with ONE beautiful case for salvation. We gave God the glory and go on.—Cadet Levett.

CAMPBELLFORD.—Adj. Atkenhead paid us an official visit, assisted by part of the Peterboro Band. They should have been here for the Saturday night meeting. But getting lost twice on the road took them fifteen miles out of their way. They got here at 11:30 p.m. We had a good day on Sunday. Big crowds outside and in. Barracks was packed on Sunday night. The meetings were very impressive, yet nobody would yield. Bro. Redden's violin playing, and the two Sisters Smith's singing and playing was very much appreciated. Brother Gibson and Stephenson also played their respective parts. The party started for Peterboro again Sunday night at 12 p.m.—W. Brindley, Capt.

WINDSOR, ONT.—On Sunday afternoon a man was attracted to our barracks by the march. When the invitation was given he volunteered out and sought salvation and found it. Afterwards, in giving his experience, he said he was a German Lutheran, and has been ten years Superintendent of the Sunday School of that denomination, but knew of nothing of the Army of Salvation. He has left for his home in Byrna, Ohio, there to let his light shine for God. Our prayers follow him, which he asked for. This makes four Soldiers and five Juniors who have sought salvation since last report. Our faithful assistant, Capt. Burton, is at present on rest.—Ensign and Mrs. McHare, B. O's.

TEMPLE.—Good tidings we have to report. Things are moving with a will here, and sinners are being moved, through grace, to give up all for the truth which sets men free. Last Sunday meetings were a real help to us all. ONE soul got converted at holiness meeting. Meetings were held both on Thursday evening and Sunday afternoon on Temperance and Prohibition addressed by able temperance speakers of the city, not forgetting our own Sergt.-Major Pencock. Sunday night's meeting was one of exceptional interest, and the power of God setting on all led many to think of their soul's condition, so that SIX more precious souls came over on the side of Christ. This is what cheers us in our labor of love. We are going to have many more to righteousness.—F. Zuhouski, S. C.

REVELSTOKE, B. C.—Some months ago we received orders to proceed to the enterprising little town of Revelstoke, B. C., to plant the Army of Salvation. During the six months since, very knowing "He who had called" was able to make us equal to it. God has blessed us almost beyond our expectations. During the six months souls have been saved—some who have been picked from the lowest depths of sin are to-day living monuments of His saving and keeping power. To God be all the glory. They bless the day the Army came to Revelstoke. Now we have to leave them it is met without any regret, yet we are confident they

at 7 a.m. on Tuesday, and after slightly over three hours' run, arrived at this pretty Muskoka town. Capt. O'Neill who was travelling and going on a well-earned furlough, met us at the station. During the day we went and looked over the new barracks, which are well-nigh completed, and will have superior accommodations to the old building. Huntsville can boast of a nice string band, which rendered efficient service outside and in. The Orange Hall was nearly full. We had a splendid meeting despite the fact that several babies persisted in making themselves heard. TWO souls came to Jesus at the close. A short meeting of the Local Officers followed and it was nearing midnight when the billet was reached. Quite a number of soldiers came down to the station to bid farewell to Capt. O'Neill, who has won his way into the hearts of everybody.

will go on in God's strength. The public in general has stood by us, and everyone has received us with open arms. We will never forget them. God bless them all. In this prayer.—Capt. Bailey, and Lieut. Meredith.

BRIGADIER MARGETTS AT CHARLOTTETOWN.

CHARLOTTETOWN.—Brigadier Margetts' visit here has been very helpful. Ex-Mayor Dawson, a warm friend of the Army, presided at the welcome meeting Saturday night, and very happily bade the Brigadier welcome to the city. Adj. Creighton introduced him to the audience as the third ruler in the (S. A.) kingdom. Following an apt reply Brigadier Margetts sang a thrilling song of Chicago, and spoke on the work and progress of the great S. A. Sunday was a day of blessing. Harvest Festival in full swing, and the Brigadier made the most of the occasion, giving thrilling, soul-warming addresses at each meeting, singing with power and enthusiasm in hard the necessity for repentance and sanctification. This week H. F. has held the boards—march with torches, band to the front, Juniors' musical, with Mrs. White in charge, sale of garden produce and useful articles, valued assistance by Capt. and Mrs. Fred Knight and Capt. Edith Price, and untiring efforts on the part of Adj. Creighton to make a bullseye. Results next week.—H.

VICTORIA, B. C.—Quite a few things have happened here lately of interest. First, a visit from the Washington Marine Band. They took splendid, both outside and in. Everyone spoke well of their playing and singing, and they enjoyed their visit very much. Harvest Festival kept us all busy lately, collecting all the things and kinds of stuff. Comrades worked well, and each one their level best. Target? Of course we got it. Did you ever know a target to reach her target (once they did not—Ed.) and go over it sometimes, too. Adj. and Mrs. Ayre did their utmost, assisted by Captain Jublin. Barracks were nicely decorated and tables arranged in sections. Every four soldiers had a table each. Single sisters and single brothers had a table each, also married men and friends. One of the special articles was a LOAF OF BREAD EIGHT FEET LONG, the largest loaf ever baked in Victoria. Everything was sold by auction on the Monday and Tuesday night. Bro. Jones, one of the city auctioneers, kindly gave his services. God bless him. (The loaf brought \$3.) The sisters deserve praise for the way they worked and begged. We had a flying visit from Lieut.-Colonel Evans Sunday afternoon, on his way to California. He had a few words of encouragement to say to the comrades. Also had a short address from Mrs. Walker and her daughter, of London, Eng., on Sunday night. They are well known in S. A. circles. They are on their way to India. God bless them both. The fire at New Westminster, stirring up the people here. Subscriptions are being taken all over the city. We feel for our comrades very much over the loss of their barracks and quarters. Adj. Ayre collected \$20 from comrades and friends, and has gone over to help and cheer them up. Victoria corps prays God will bless them abundantly. We feel their loss very much. It was the birthplace of M. L. The saloon keepers had their usual fund for H. F. and did beautifully. They have a special target at H. F. and S. D.

Capt. Barker and Lieut. Dales are "holding on" and have things well in hand. We had a fine open-air crowd on Wednesday night, and the hall was nearly full for the inside meeting, which went with a swing. The soldiers here are a fine lot. Thursday was a busy day—visiting, correspondence and corps business filled in the time. Unfortunately it rained at night, and both outside and inside the crowds were small. Nevertheless, we had a most soul-inspiring meeting and one we shall not soon forget.

GRAVENHURST.—A pouring, drenching rain came down in torrents all day, which shook our faith for a crowd in the meeting. The open-air meeting was good, and the crowd nearly filling the barracks was a surprise. We had a splendid meeting, several Local Officers were commissioned and two soldiers enrolled. Capt. Wilson and Lieutenant are leading the troops on to victory.

ORILLIA.—This was the last place visited. A deluge of rain came down Saturday night which made the crowd small. All day Sunday we had grand meetings—high, tears, deep convictions, but no one surrendered. Congregations and finances are good. The soldiers turned out well. The singing of the Indian comrades was distinctly good. Ensign and Mrs. Attwell with Capt. McDougall are the indefatigable officers in command. We left Orillia at 6:25 a.m. Monday, and returned to F. H. Q. tired, but well satisfied with the trip.—A. G.

Major Collier Visits Fairville and St. John III.

A Hot Time in the Old Corps Hurricane Band to the Front.

On Sunday afternoon and night the Major visited Fairville, and conducted two rattling good meetings. This place was not very long ago a "hard go," and one could scarce get half a dozen people in the barracks on a Sunday afternoon, but this afternoon the place was filled with a good, attentive audience. New faces were seen on the platform, a brass band appeared, a good number of soldiers came to the open-air, the crowd stayed in until the end of the meeting, conviction was seen on many faces, tears rolled down the cheeks of some, and one woman came boldly out and sought the forgiveness of her sins.

At night the barracks was too small, and we had the meeting in the Orange Hall, which was filled to the doors. The best of order prevailed throughout the meeting, and the crowd listened attentively to catch all that was said. The Major spoke from "Every time that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire," making special mention of the fruits of the poor drunkards' life. In view of the prohibition election coming on, and urging the men present to vote for prohibition. At the close of this meeting one yehing and the other of their playing and singing, and they enjoyed their visit very much. Harvest Festival kept us all busy lately, collecting all the things and kinds of stuff. Comrades worked well, and each one their level best. Target? Of course we got it. Did you ever know a target to reach her target (once they did not—Ed.) and go over it sometimes, too. Adj. and Mrs. Ayre did their utmost, assisted by Captain Jublin. Barracks were nicely decorated and tables arranged in sections. Every four soldiers had a table each. Single sisters and single brothers had a table each, also married men and friends. One of the special articles was a LOAF OF BREAD EIGHT FEET LONG, the largest loaf ever baked in Victoria. Everything was sold by auction on the Monday and Tuesday night. Bro. Jones, one of the city auctioneers, kindly gave his services. God bless him. (The loaf brought \$3.) The sisters deserve praise for the way they worked and begged. We had a flying visit from Lieut.-Colonel Evans Sunday afternoon, on his way to California. He had a few words of encouragement to say to the comrades. Also had a short address from Mrs. Walker and her daughter, of London, Eng., on Sunday night. They are well known in S. A. circles. They are on their way to India. God bless them both. The fire at New Westminster, stirring up the people here. Subscriptions are being taken all over the city. We feel for our comrades very much over the loss of their barracks and quarters. Adj. Ayre collected \$20 from comrades and friends, and has gone over to help and cheer them up. Victoria corps prays God will bless them abundantly. We feel their loss very much. It was the birthplace of M. L. The saloon keepers had their usual fund for H. F. and did beautifully. They have a special target at H. F. and S. D.

Monday night the united meeting at No. 1 was held by the Major. A bus load of comrades came over from Fairville, including the famous "Hurricane Band" which name, by the way, you would consider a very appropriate one could you hear the blo-blo-blowing, and the terrific swell in which they sang at it. The meeting was very interesting, each officer in charge of a corps sang a favorite chorus, called on two of their own soldiers to speak, and had a few words themselves. Ensign Kerr commissioned a Publication Sergt.-Major, and a War Cry Sergeant. Then the Major fired some red-hot Gospel temperance shot at the large crowd present. Hot coffee and cake were served at the close. The McElheny Brothers sang some good hot songs, the "Hurricane Band" played over and over again, "Salvation is the best thing in the world," to the tune of "A hot time in the old town," and altogether we had a hot time in the old corps this week-end.—Red Riding Hood.

Mark the instruction: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." We are not sent to make bricks without straw, and so we are equal to the cross. The commission is most definite and just as binding on us to-day as it was to the disciples to whom it was first spoken. They were equipped to carry it out, and so can we be. There are many departments of God's work, but to be successful in them we must be thus equipped with power from on high. Oh, for appropriating faith that claims the blessing and steps out on the might of God to do exploits in His name.—Commissioner Rees.



SOCIAL.—meeting Sunday was here.—

MEMBER.—camp over ONE soul (leg. Cor. YAHMOU victory rep. rival. We was \$125.—

HISPEL.—Lieut. John Shiner arriving in this winter.

STUBBERRY.—God is still here at St. John for some time. It. Trickey.

FATHY.—fleets arrived, dental time, the joy of the Halle-lujah.

LETHBRIDGE.—port we have seen TH. Prance God is here.—

FAIRMO.—sign Comm. and Sunday blessing, orday night, the joy of the Halle-lujah.

CHATH.—blessed one was asked, was anyone, he prayed, responded.

VALLEY.—Ensign Hugh last week's meetings. Halle-lujah.

LETHBRIDGE.—there had a son's, through the glory R. C.

EMERSON.—are still pe victoriously, want to as mine has time with ahead to.

ANNAP.—reached, thanks to the also the so cheerful One lady showed by the while could.

LITTON.—action son the D. O. ham. H. rather than the people moving.

PETER.—near us on today's (and bless-ious soul in our night sought at Lath.

MONT.—gone on she my soul. So to God's meeting, nett. W. Juli 1—W.

HIT.—He is glad- souls are SIX for heart. M. night was (usual: L. B. So.

NAPA.—well of Young. Sunday officers v. phibious effects.

BATTLE



BULLETINS

SOCIAL FARM.—We had a good meeting Sunday night. Adj. Page was here.—Chas. C. Good.

OMBER.—Great rejoicing in the camp over prodigals coming home. ONE soul on Sunday. Praise God!—Reg. Cor.

YARMOUTH, N. S.—We can report victory regarding our Harvest Festival. Went over the target, which was 215.—A. E. H.

RESPLEND.—Ensign Dean and Lieut. Blodgett have taken charge here. Sinners are coming home. We are going in for a proper soul-saving time this winter.

SIDNEY.—The power of the living God is stirring up the people. Attendance at operatics and inside largest for some time.—Yours in the fray, N. H. Trickey, J. S. S.-M.

PARRY SOUND.—Since our new officers arrived here, we have had wonderful times of conviction. We had the joy of seeing TWO come out. Hall-luh-luh!—Trumper Howell.

LETHBRIDGE.—Since our last report we have had the joy this week of seeing THREE souls in the Fountain. Praise God for the victory He is giving us here.—Mandus Rosaline, R. C.

PARGO, N. D.—Glory to God! Ensign Cummins was with us Saturday and Sunday. We had a time of real blessing. The lantern service on Saturday night was beautiful.—M. R. S., Reg. Cor.

CHATHAM, Ont.—On Sunday God blessed our labor. When the question was asked by Adj. Hughes if there was anyone in the audience desired to be prayed for to raise their hand, six responded.—L. G. B.

VALLEY CITY.—We had our D. O., Ensign Hayes, with us for two days last week, and were blessed in her meetings. ONE soul since last report. Hall-luh-luh! Ready for War Cry Boom.—J. S. Flaws, Lieut.

LETHBRIDGE.—Hall-luh-luh! We have had a good week of fighting, and God has answered our prayers. SEVEN souls claimed this free salvation through the Blood of Jesus Christ. All the glory to God.—Mandus Rosaline, R. C.

EMERSON.—Glory, hall-luh-luh! We are still pegging away and having some victories; yet we are not satisfied, we want to see souls saved. Ensign Cummins has come and gone. Real good time with loud rejoicings. Still going ahead to win.—H. Fitch, Capt.

ANNAPOLIS, N. S.—H. F. target reached. Glory to our God! Many thanks to Capt. Clark and Lieut. Miller, also the soldiers and kind friends who so cheerfully gave. Captain a pair of new shoes to replace the ones she wore out while collecting.—M. H., Reg. Cor.

LASTOVEL.—Last week we had an auction sale of children, conducted by the D. O., Ensign Orchard, of Windsor. Had a very good time. It was rather damp last Saturday night in the open-air, and the police was afraid of the people catching cold, so he kept moving them.

PETERBORO.—God has been very near us of late in our meetings. Yesterday (Sunday) was a day of power and blessing to our souls. ONE precious soul in our holiness meeting. Still going on our night meeting ONE more soul sought and found Jesus.—Sgt. M. Lamb.

MONTREAL.—Capt. Ward has gone on a well-earned rest. We hope she may come back in body and soul. Saturday night ONE man came to God and got saved. Sunday the meetings were led by Brigadier Bennett. We had a blessed time. Hall-luh-luh!—W. G. H. C.

HUTHE.—Praise God for the victory He is giving us in Hutto. We have won our Harvest Festival target. Souls are being won. This past week SIX for salvation and one for a clean heart. More to follow. On Wednesday night we enrolled five recruits. Hall-luh-luh! We mean to go on winning.—L. B. Scott, Capt.

NAPANEE.—Sunday was the farewell of Lieut. McFarlane and Lieut. Young. A most impressive service on Sunday night. God bless the devoted officers who are leaving us. We had a glorious musical meeting led by the officers of Deseronto, on Monday night.

We also had Ensign Sims and lantern on Tuesday; always glad to see the Ensign. The devil is kicking and trying to beat us, but praise God, we shall win.—Ada M. H.

DESRONTO.—Victory is our war cry. Since last report souls have been saved. The devil's foot shall come down for God is on our side. Hall-luh-luh!—Amy Chappell, Capt., Lottie Dora, Lieut.

FORT WILLIAM.—The fight is still going on here, and God is giving us victory. Soldiers are all on the go for God and souls. A few are getting saved. ONE soul Saturday night. ONE Sunday night, and more to follow. Hall-luh-luh!—S. J. Kennedy.

PALMERSTON.—On Thursday night last we had a visit from our District Officer, Ensign Orchard. The crowd was not as large as it might have been on account of rain, but those who made their way through the rain were well repaid for coming.—Yours in the fight, Scott Cowan, R. C.

HALIFAX.—This being Exhibition week we had visits from soldiers of the different surrounding corps. Among the number were Treas. Jost, of Charlottetown, and Sergt. Irons, of Windsor, and others. We had also Ensign Graham with us. TWO souls for the week.—Treas. Cashin.

NAPANEE.—War Crys all sold out this week. The last number was an exceptional one. Saturday and all day Sunday meetings well attended. Hall-luh-luh! Sunday evening THREE backsliders returned. May God help them to be valiant soldiers. With the help of God we mean to have victory here.—A. Newman.

FORT HOPE.—Capt. Williams and Connor have said good-bye, and welcome to our midst Capt. Hill and Lieut. Bacon. God bless them. We pray that while here they shall be the means in God's hands of winning many precious souls. Sunday night FOUR backsliders came back to Jesus. Hall-luh-luh!—Annie Brown, R. C.

DIGBY, N. S.—Harvest Festival over. Capt. McLeod and Lieut. Vincent worked like Trojans. Bro. Baxter and his horses did their part, and Sec. Warrington brought in a good load of vegetables, also Bro. and Sister Adams did well. And our auctioneer, Sergt. Major Howies got good prices for the things, and thanks to the friends who helped.—S. Duden, Reg. Cor.

GRAVENHURST.—Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin and Ensign Attwell with us Thursday and Friday nights. Good times in spite of the wet weather. Commissioning of Local Officers and enrolment of recruits. Come again, Brigadier. A grand week-end. TWO sinners and THREE wanderers returned to the fold. Wound us at 11:45 a.m. Everyone dancing happy.—F. T. Cor.

OTTAWA.—Welcome meeting to Adjutant Burditt on Saturday, 17th. The Adjutant led three days' salvation meetings. God blessed his efforts with the salvation of SIX precious souls. Adjutant also gave an address on India which was very interesting. Captain Vance has farewelled. God bless her and give her victory in her new field of labor.—A. F., Cor.

WOODSTOCK, N. R.—Did you see it? See what? A place of our Harvest Festival target. We smashed 29 all to smithereens and hit 27. Adj. Magee is a terror to the devil. He's a great worker, prayer and believer. Is going in to get a soul saved for every dollar of H. F. Capt. Piercy, with fiddle, and Lieut. Gray, from Houlton, helped us to make a great row on Wednesday night.—F. S.

TREBAIL.—On Sunday last Brigadier Bennett and Provincial staff were with us. On Tuesday night the subject of the meeting was "A woman's revenge." ONE soul came out and got saved. On Saturday night Capt. Jiddell was in charge of the meeting, when some of the comrades told what their first impressions of the Army were. They were very interesting to saved and sinner.—C. H., R. C.

OAKES.—Harvest Festival effort a decided success. Target knocked out of sight. Had an enrolment of recruits on Sunday afternoon. Soldiers and friends were very enthusiastic over the auction sale Monday night, bidding was lively and everything was sold out. Our crowds are on the increase, good spirit prevailing, and our faith goes up for Oakes. We thank God for victory in our own soul.—Lieut. Herlingshaw.

OTTAWA.—Our Provincial leader, Brigadier Bennett, received a rousing reception on his arrival to conduct a three days' fight. Blessed soul-refreshing meetings. Brigadier took as his subjects Sunday morning and evening, "What I know of another man's wife," and "Is marriage a failure?" A very interesting talk indeed on salvation lines. THREE souls for holiness, ONE for salvation with ONE soul since.—A. French, R. C.

JAMESTOWN, N. D.—Many of our soldiers are busy thrashing, so that it is impossible for them to get to meeting during the week, but those who can come on Sunday and help thrash the devil. Good meetings all day on Sunday. Lieut. Collings, who has been on the sick list for some weeks, was at the holiness meeting. Everybody was delighted to see her and hear her testimony. May God bless and strengthen her.—Tritoria.

FREDERICTON.—We are having glorious times. Our H. F. target, which was 215, we got O. K. The Training Garrison, under Adj. McLean, is in full swing. Cadets all on fire and



Father Van Loan, Grand Forks.

Death has visited our corps and taken our dear comrade, Father Van Loan, from the battle below to wave a palm of victory among the Blood-washed throng above; for although his life had been one of weakness until last April, when Father Cook, of Grafton, visiting here, fought for his soul and succeeded in getting him to the penitential prayer he earnestly sought, and found God. Since then he has been one of our most faithful warriors, never missing a meeting nor failing to warn a soul when he had an opportunity. The greatest regret to him was that he had not sought God before he had spent nearly 51 years in sin, and he was anxious to do all in his power to awaken others. Feeling sick he left the meeting Saturday night never to return. On Tuesday night his spirit took its flight. In reply to some of our questions, while lying so sick, he said, "Oh, yes! I am ready to go, thank God, and think that will be soon." We buried him under the colors Thursday, and conducted a memorial service on Sunday evening.

Brother George Spencer, Bay Roberts, Nfld.

Bro. Geo. Spencer has finished his earthly battle. His place is vacant and he will be missed by the corps very much, especially at knee-drill. About two years ago our brother enlisted as a soldier of this corps, and unflinchingly fought to the end. During the last three weeks he was suffering greatly while battling with disease, but through it all he always had a word of cheer for the saved and words of warning for the sinner. On my last visit he said, "It is all right, I am sinking fast, but, hall-luh-luh! It is getting brighter. My sun is shining in all its beauty. A few hours after he passed triumphantly over the river. On Wednesday we conducted the funeral. Being a member of the Orange Institution, he was carried by the brothers of the same order to the hall, where an impressive service was held. Quite a number gave testimony to his godly life and holy influence.

red-hot for souls. Meetings are well attended and souls getting saved. On Friday night we had Rev. Mr. Brewer, an old S. A. friend, to address the meeting. On Sunday afternoon we had a grand temperance meeting, led by Adj. McLean, and addressed by Rev. Dr. McLeod. Hall packed to the door and good attention.—Cadet Deakin.

HAMILTON.—We had with us last week-end the Inborton Musical Family, who did a good week-end for us. Finances up to the top notch. The people of Hamilton love music. Good crowds both inside and out. The little musicians held the people spell-bound. God was with us in spite of the rain. We are looking for a new barracks, then we will make the devil tremble. I am well saved and sanctified and going in for victory in every detail.—R. Hanna, Capt.

ST. JOHNSBURY.—Capt. Maggie Hill and Lieut. Tuek and Stickle have farewelled. Their courage, faithfulness and zeal have won the hearts of many, and our earnest prayers are with them to their next appointment. Capt. Hill has had charge of the work for about four months, and during his stay there have been quite a number of good clear conversions. THREE souls came out on the Lord's side at the farewell. We are believing that the good work will push right along with the new officers.—W. C. R., for the Corps.

WINNIPEG.—On Tuesday we had a special plebiscite meeting. Several prominent speakers were with us. Hon. Rev. J. Walker, Mr. Gibson, and Mr. Taylor. Mr. Day and Mrs. Jewer helped wonderfully in the meeting by their singing. The barracks were crowded with attentive listeners, and we believe the result will be far reaching. Thursday we had a saved drunkard's meeting. The testimony of those saved from a drunkard's life and death were good to hear. We were all more than ever led to praise God, who is able to save us from a life of misery.—Cadet Russell.



The memorial service at the barracks was largely attended, and we believe many sinners were convicted.—A. G. Brown, Capt.

Comrade Mrs. Skinner, of Paris.

Again we have to report the sad news of another comrade who has fallen in the battlefield. Last Monday morning, Sept. 18th, in the midst of pain and suffering our comrade, Mrs. Skinner, was lifted from care and sorrow to resting in God's arms. Her sickness is unknown and where death cannot come. Deceased has been sick for some time, but during the last few months she gradually grew worse, until Monday morning God took her to be with Himself. During her sickness she has been visited by officers and soldiers of the Army, who always found her resting in Jesus, and fully resigned to His will. She had no fear of death, for sudden death to her would only mean sudden glory. Just before she died she called her family to her bedside and bade them good-bye, asking them to meet her beyond the river. Her favorite chorus was:

"When I am wearing Jordan's billow Let Thy bosom be my pillow; Hide me, O Thou Rock of Ages, Safe in Thee."

She did not have an Army funeral. The Rev. Mr. Shook, of the Congregational Church, led the service at the house and graveside, assisted by the Canadian Order of Chosen Friends, of which our comrade was a member, and Ensign Raynor and Lieut. Burrows. The service at the graveside was very impressive. We all sang, "Shall we gather at the river." Indeed it was a sorrowful parting.

We held a memorial service in the barracks on Sunday night, and we feel that much good was done. Some of the comrades spoke of our comrade's life and death, and urged upon the unconverted to make preparations for that death when they too would have to face death. We pray that God will sustain and comfort her husband and family. May God keep us true till we meet in the morning.—Wm. McLaughlin, R. C.

Harry Hustler's Happy Hunting Ground.

Gaskin on Top Still—He Defies Bennett's Mag to Overtake Him and Sends Oats
—Hurrah for Southall!—Only One Behind Gaskin—Bennett Third—
Pugmire Indisposed—North-West Worse; Pulse Very
Low—Pacific Ill—Sharp Recuperating.

Staff-Capt. Hargrave is a man of compass. Upon hearing that the W. O. P. was falling in behind, he at once sent some fine oats to the Editor, together with the following epistle:
Dear Brigadier Friedrich:
I am enclosing you herewith a few oats for Brigadier Bennett's celebrated "Mag," as we imagine they have run short of feed in Montreal since the severe storm of a week or so ago.
The Provincial Staff, on behalf of the Field Officers, send their compliments to the E. O. P. warriors, and suggests that they will need a good stock of oats this winter if they hope to keep within sight of the Central.
Yours affectionately,
H. HARGRAVE,
Staff-Capt.

Judging from the appearance of the E. O. P. war horse, "Mag," I thought it was a good one. Of course it is just possible she'll take the lead again, for there is no three inch lead and a savings about her. Persons who contemplated the exceptionally treated portrait of Mag in a recent Cry will agree that she had a great run.

The West Ontario hero is not doing things by halves. That he is in earnest is evidenced by the phenomenal rise to E. O. P. warriors. This is an unmistakable sign that Southall's brave are exceptionally blessed in the recent London councils.

The race is getting really very interesting. With the three Ontario Prov. inces so close each other there is practically no telling what will turn up next week, and every nerve is strained with intense excitement.

The Eastern Star is sinking to the fourth magnitude on the Hustlers' sky. What a pity that this East should grow dim and the lustre of former reputation be dimmed.

Ensign Fox, of St. Catharines, is a hustler. Everybody knows that. His War Cry Editor sold during quarter ending Sept., 1,100 copies of the War Cry more than the previous quarter. Good for the St. Kitt's boomers and Publication Sergeant-Major.

We desire also to mention again, that only ONE week's sales should be reported, never mention two weeks' sales averages, as it has repeatedly led to misunderstandings. If you miss one week in reporting, drop it and blame yourself for it. We want to live in peace with all men, AS FAR as lies in our power; if it doesn't lie in our power, let us have a good row, settle the thing and be good friends again.

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

64 Hustlers.	
Sister Correll, Temple	83
Sister Pearce, Temple	85
Sister Medlock, Temple	70
Ensign Jones, Bowmanville	70
Mrs. Skedden, Hamilton	70
Leut. Russell, Collingwood	64
Leut. Wedge, Riverside	64
Leut. F. Clark, Collingwood	62
Leut. Ribbel, Owen Sound	62
Leut. Capper, Stroud	60
Capt. Hanna, Hamilton	59
Capt. Skelliker, Riverside	59
Ensign Fox, St. Catharines	55
Sergeant-Major Bowers, Ligar St.	53
Sergeant. Mrs. Bone, Stroud	51
Mrs. Case, Hamilton	51
Mrs. Dixon, Temple	50
Capt. M. Crawford, Parry Sound	50
Mrs. Capt. Jones, Newmarket	50
Leut. Oiler, Aurora	49
Leut. Craig, St. Catharines	46
Capt. Creamer, Midland	45
Capt. Brant, Dovercourt	44
Capt. M. Lott, Landray	44
Leut. J. Marshall, Omeene	43
Ensign H. Cameron, Riverside	40
Mrs. Capt. Jones, Brampton	40
Leut. Peacock, Yorkville	40
Leut. Craig, Midland	40
Leut. Renzie, Brampton	38
Capt. Wm. White, Peterborough	37
Leut. Matthews, Sudbury	36
Sergeant. Major Beall, St. Catharines	35
Capt. A. Sherwin, Dundas	35
Leut. Bond, Dundas	35
Capt. J. Howcroft, Parry Sound	35
Sister M. Jones, Hamilton	35
Capt. McDougall, Orlia	31
Capt. Major Buehler, Ligar St.	30
Cadet Bone, Lippincott St.	28

Chas. C. Good, Social Farm	27
Leut. Curnish, Oakville	25
Leut. Fisher, Uxbridge	25
Capt. Culbert, Uxbridge	25
Capt. M. Nelson, Gravenhurst	25
Leut. M. Northcott, Gravenhurst	25
Sergeant-Major Bowman, Newmarket	25
Leut. Fell, Stroud	25
Sergeant-Major Brady, Temple	25
Sergeant. May Donaldson, Ligar St.	25
Sergeant. A. Stickells, Ligar St.	25
Sister H. Peard, St. Catharines	25
Sister Gilks, Yorkville	25
Capt. Goldberg, Owen Sound	23
Wm. Stevens, Riverside	22
Cadet Kitchen, Lippincott	21
Cadet Crawford, Lippincott	20
Sergeant. M. Stickells, Ligar St.	20
Capt. Hart, Ligar St.	20
Sister Harvey, Temple	20
Sister Garvie, Temple	20
Sister L. Pollard, Oakville	20
Leut. Meeks, Walsbyville	20
Sister Price, Dovercourt	20

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

63 Hustlers.	
Capt. Hollman, London	251
Sergeant-Major Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock	210
Ensign M. Collett, Brantford	109
Leut. E. M. Hicklin, Brantford	110
Sister J. Couch, Stratford	106
Cand. L. Rugier, Ridgewood	101
Sergeant. G. Youngs, Chatham	101
Capt. Huntington, Strathroy	100
Leut. Pickle, Wallaceburg	83

WE ALWAYS TRY TO PLEASE.

Winter is coming on and we are Ready

SPLendid VALUES IN OVERCOATING

Entirely New Lines.		Guaranteed Fast Color.	
		With Caps.	Without Caps.
Worsted, No. 563		\$20 00	\$26 00
" " 1891		19 00	25 00
" " 4777		18 00	23 50
" " 4621		17 00	22 00
" " 494		16 00	21 00
Frieze		14 00	19 00

WE ARE ALSO CARRYING A GOOD RELIABLE LINE OF MEN'S AND LADIES' UNDERWEAR & HOSE

For Winter Use.	
ENTIRELY NEW GOODS	
FOR MEN	
Shirt and Drawers, Natural Wool, per piece	\$0 50
" " Mottled, fleece lined, per piece	0 70
" " Alaska, " " "	1 00
Half hose, per pair, at 20c. and	0 30
FOR LADIES.	
Fleece lined Vests and Drawers, per pair	\$1 00
" Starter " Vests, each, 25c. and	0 50
Hygienic Drawers, per pair, 32c. and	0 40
Cashmere Hose, per pair, 30c. 40c. and	0 50

Ask your Provincial Officer to show you these goods and we are convinced you will give us your order. Respectfully,

THE TRADE SECRETARY.

Cand. S. Masey, Chatham	20
Sergeant. Mrs. Harris, London	20
Mrs. J. Knapp, Ingersoll	20
Mrs. Livins, Ingersoll	20
Lottie Connon, Ingersoll	20
Sergeant-Major Cook, Clinton	20
Orson Crank, Leamington	20
Mother Cutting, Essex	20

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

53 Hustlers.	
Sergeant. Dudley, Ottawa	167
Adj. Goodwin, Ottawa	162
Leut. Tracey, Montreal	158
Leut. L. Fitch, Newport	115
Ensign Walker, Belleville	110
Capt. Constable, Morristown	100
Capt. A. Norman, Niagara	78
Capt. French, Peterboro	75
Bru. Geo. Barlett, Montreal	75
Leut. Norman, Quebec	71
Leut. McFarlane, Prescott	70
Sergeant. Thompson, Belleville	67
Sergeant. Verner, Ottawa	61
Leut. Butcher, Cornwall	55
Ensign Kendall, Coburg	56
Mrs. McAmmond, Kingston	55
Mrs. Miller, Lakeside	50
Ensign Parker, Quebec	50
Sergeant. Rogers, Montreal	50
Mrs. Simmons, Kingston	50
Capt. Chappell, Deseronto	45
Leut. Chas. Dorn, Coburg	45
Cand. A. Dorey, Kingston	45
Mrs. Capt. Bouchard, Trenton	45
Sergeant. Muttice, Cornwall	40
Mrs. Ensign Walker, Belleville	40
Leut. Gray, Hutton	40
Mrs. Barber, Kingston	40
Sister Mrs. Simmon, Kingston	40
Leut. Dora, Deseronto	35
Mrs. Adit. McAmmond, Kingston	35
Adj. McAmmond, Kingston	31
Sister Cruzier, Montreal	31
Sergeant. Mrs. Lewis, Montreal	30
Leut. Woods, Cornwall	30
Sister Mrs. Dine, Kingston	30
Capt. M. Butten, Odessa	30
Sergeant-Major Douglas, Cornwall	28
Sister Wange, Ottawa	28
Sister Suddard, Kingston	26
Mrs. Stevenson, Peterboro	25
Leut. Hearn, Montreal	25
Capt. Mager, Millbrook	25
Leut. O'Neil, Millbrook	25
Mrs. Allie, Kingston	22
Hardie Al-Suney, Kingston	22
Sister J. Harris, Kingston	21
Mrs. Greene, Peterboro	21
Sister L. Purford, Brighton	20
Sergeant. Dault, Belleville	20
Mrs. Dean, Prescott	20
Cand. Hodge, Montreal	20
Ada Andrews, Houlton, Me.	20

EASTERN PROVINCE.

25 Hustlers.	
Capt. A. Horwood, Charlottetown	228
Mrs. Adit. Miller, Yarmouth	215
Sergeant-Major Venn, Halifax	210
Capt. Saline, Halifax	82
Sergeant. C. Wingham, Charlottetown	80
Mrs. Ensign Fraser, Spring Hill	70
Leut. Hinson, Westville	70
Leut. E. W. Owen, Kentville	65
Capt. A. Hutt, Sussex	65
Capt. Allen, Westville	53
Leut. L. Selig, Carlton	51
Sergeant. Mrs. Olive, Carlton	50
Mrs. Williams, New Glasgow	38
Mrs. Maybee, Charlottetown	38
Cand. Urquhart, Spring Hill	36
Ensign Jennings, New Glasgow	35
Mrs. Pitt, Spring Hill	28
Leut. Hudson, Chatham	27
Mother England, Chatham	25
Adj. Desbriany, New Glasgow	25
Sergeant. Hayman, Halifax	25
Cand. Ginnivan, Halifax	25
Adj. Miller, Yarmouth	24
Capt. Thompson, Halifax	24
Grace King, Yarmouth	22

NORTHWEST PROVINCE.

16 Hustlers.	
Capt. N. War, Brandon	152
Cadet Russell, Winnipeg	85
Ensign Hayes, Regina (av. 2 wks)	84
Cadet Russell, Winnipeg (av. 2 wks)	80
Capt. B. LeDrew, Jambstown (av. 2 wks)	62
Sergeant. M. Chapman, Winnipeg	62
Capt. McKay, Laramore, N. D.	55
Capt. Charlton, Fargo	55
Capt. Hall, Fargo	46
Leut. H. Bresson, Leithridge	42
Sergeant. J. Chapman, Winnipeg	40
Sister Johansson, Winnipeg	35
Cadet H. Hakkirk, Minnedosa	35
Leut. Herringshaw, Oakes	25
Sister Pottier, Oakes (av. 2 wks)	20
Cand. McRae, Minnedosa	20

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

6 Hustlers.	
Sister Lewis, Victoria	100
Leut. Gail, Sheridan	70
Mrs. Adit. Ayre, Sheridan	65
Capt. Hooker, Wallace	58
Capt. Hooker, Wallace	41
Sister Nordberg, Victoria	35

NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

5 Hustlers.	
Cadet Sparks, St. Johns	70
Sister Wilkinson, St. Johns	30
Leut. Hildon, Bay Roberts (av. 2 wks)	30
Sister Stobridge, St. Johns	25
Laura Cury, St. Johns	25

Original Army Songs.

Holiness.

Tunes.—Room for Jesus (B.J. 10); I will follow Thee, my Saviour (B.J. 1; S.M., 11, 67); Always cheerful (B.J. 43).

1 I have left my all to follow,
Follow Jesus everywhere;
Though the path be full of sorrow,
I'll rejoice the cross to bear.

Chorus.

I will take my cross, dear Saviour,
Take my cross and follow Thee;
Grant to me Thy smile and favor,
Make me what I ought to be.

Long my heart has craved for cleans-
ing,
Cleansing from all inbred sin,
By Thy power now descending,
Purify my heart within.

I will trust Thee now, dear Saviour,
For I feel the Blood applied;
Faith in Thee shall never waver,
I with Thee am crucified.
W. Hargrave, St. John I.

War.

Tunes.—Stand up for Jesus (B. J. 21;
S.M., I, 147); Day of victory's com-
ing (B. J. 23; M.S., IV, 41).

2 We've listed in the Army
Of Christ, our Heavenly King.
With only one ambition—
Poor dying souls to win
From sin and Satan's thralldom,
And bring them back to God,
And tell them there's salvation
For them through Jesus' Blood.

Chorus.

Tune.—The day of victory's coming.
In the highways and the byways,
And also in the slums,
We'll march and sing for Jesus,
And beat the dear old drum.

"Repent and be converted,"
Shall ever be our cry,
And God will give the increase
By and by.

Endue us, Gracious Leader,
With holy love and zeal,
Our simple efforts seal,
Still loyal to our colors,
The Yellow, Red and Blue,
To Thee and to Thy service,
We pledge ourselves anew.
H. Marshall,
Murray Harbor South, P. E. I.

Testimony.

3 Tune.—Is my name written there?
In sunshine, in darkness,
By day and by night,
In sorrow, in gladness,
In weakness and might,
Come ease or come hardness,
Or whatever may,
I will shout "Hallelujah!"
For He leads me each day.

Chorus.

Yes, He leads me each day,
On the straight, narrow way;
Then why should I not follow?
For He leads me each day.

Though friends should forsake me,
And foes should assail,
Though the powers of darkness
Should seek to prevail;
And hot persecution
My path should waylay,
I will shout "Hallelujah!"
For He leads me each day.

Let others have richness,
Let others have gold,
But I have a Treasure,
Of riches untold.
I have a salvation
That helps me to say
I will shout "Hallelujah!"
For He leads me each day.

Poor sinner, for you at
The Cross there is room;
His light will dispense all
Your darkness and gloom.
Come, bring all your burdens,
And with me you'll say,
I will shout "Hallelujah!"
For He leads me each day.
Cadet H. Krelger.

Salvation.

Tune.—The banks of the Wabash.

4 Let me tell you of a kind and lov-
ing Saviour,
How He bled and died upon
Mount Calvary;
How He suffered in the darkness of the
Garden.
All to save a sinner, wretched though
he be;
And although your heart is black with
sin and sorrow,
Yet your burden He will gladly roll
away.
He will give you joy where now is
naught but sadness,
And He'll bear you over Jordan on
death's day.

Chorus.

Oh, the pardoning God is waiting now,
poor sinner,
(Of His love and mercy freely offers
thee;
Will you not to-night accept the won-
derous pardon
That is offered now to you so full
and free.

Oh, this love is one that never, never
faileth,
Though our foe will often try to lead
astray.

But His grace is one that always will
sustain us,
If His loving voice we only will obey.
He is waiting now to hear thee say,
backslider,
"To my loving Father I will turn to-
day."

He'll give you back the love you once
had freely,
And He'll bear you over Jordan on
death's day.

J. T. Funnell,
Alexandria Bay, N. S.

A Backslider's Death.

Tune.—If you love me, darling, tell me
with your eyes.

5 Once she was a soldier, once she
loved the fight,
Once she followed Jesus, trusted in
His might;
Crosses never were heavy—she was
saved and glad,
Free from sin and sadness, trusting in
the Blood.

Chorus.

Now she is drifting downward, far
from God and right,
Drifting far from Jesus. Oh, how sad
a sight!
Angels weep and wonder, as she down-
ward goes,
Is there none to save her from hell's
bitter woes?

One false step was taken, that meant
many more,
Far from God she wandered, far from
mercy's door;
O'er her barque are tossing waves of
deep despair;
Will she cry for pardon, will she
breathe a prayer?

On a bed of anguish, one so young and
fair;
Is there none to pity, none to breathe
a prayer?

How the past sweeps o'er her, awful,
awful, state,
Dying far from Jesus, far from mercy's
gate.

Lieut. Annie Martin,
Freepoint, N. S.

LOOK OUT FOR

"The Man in the Moon."

If you attend the October meetings,
be sure and visit the Life-Boat Dining
Hall especially arranged for visiting
officers' soldiers and friends. 10c. meals.
Forty-five good, clean beds have been
arranged for visitors at 10c. each and
a limited number at 15c. (private room).
Satisfaction both in food and lodgings
guaranteed. Address all communica-
tions to Esmail Burrows, 261 Victoria
Street.

The Sixteenth Anniversary Meetings TORONTO,

Sunday, Oct. 23rd, to Thursday, Oct. 27th,

INCLUSIVE.

FIELD COMMISSIONER EVA BOOTH IN COMMAND.

Assisted by **COLONEL JACOBS**, Chief Secretary,

Brigadiers Margetts, Complin and Friedrich, Majors Horn and Smeeton, and all Headquarters Staff, the
Seven Provincial Officers, Brigadiers Sharp, Bennett, Howell, Gaskin and Pugmire, Majors McMillan
and Southall; all Ontario District Officers, and Hundreds of Field and Social Officers, numerous
Soldiers and Friends.

PROGRAMME

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 23rd. — 7 a.m.: Day of Salvation at the PAVILION. 11 a.m.: Holiness Meeting, conducted by the
FIELD COMMISSIONER. 3 and 7 p.m.: Two Great Battles for Souls, led by the FIELD COMMISSIONER.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 24th, 8 p.m.—Reception Rally at the Temple, led by the CHIEF SECRETARY.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 25th, 8 p.m.—Soldiers' Council at Lippincott Street Barracks, the FIELD COMMISSIONER in charge.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 27th.—Anniversary Demonstration in the BOND STREET CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, the
FIELD COMMISSIONER in command.

Railway Arrangements.

Tickets at single first-class fare for the
return trip can be obtained at any station on
the Grand Trunk and Canada Pacific Rail-
ways. When procuring ticket ask for Stan-
dard Certificate and see that you get one, or
you will be required to pay full fare home
again. All certificates to be handed in at the
Central Provincial Headquarters, ground
floor, S. A. Temple, immediately on arrival
in Toronto.

OFFICERS' MEETINGS:

Tuesday morning and afternoon, and Wednesday morning,
afternoon and night, in the Lippincott Street Barracks, Councils
for Staff and Field Officers.

Staff Officers' Council on Friday, October 28th, at 10 a.m.,
in the same place.

Billets.

Officers requiring billets in connection with
the October Meetings should send in their
application immediately to Brigadier Gaskin,
Salvation Temple, Jones and Albert Streets,
Toronto. No billet can be guaranteed later
than Monday, October 17th.

THE WAR CRY, Official Gazette of the Salvation Army,
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However goo